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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE TREND OF EVENTS

THE cumulative effect of the prolonged world depression is producing an unhealthy international atmosphere. Under the strain of the economic crisis weak governments have cracked up and strong ones have sought relief for their peoples in drastic policies of self-preservation that only aggravate the general condition. In the result old antagonisms have been sharpened and new causes of friction have developed. Germany, driven near the breaking-point, threatens to abandon the Stresemann policy in favour of Hitlerism, and France, whose chauvinism has been largely responsible for Germany's condition, therefore becomes more chauvinistic than ever. Russia, in a desperate endeavour to carry through her Five Year Plan, deprives herself of necessities so that she can export goods to pay for the machines on which the success of her plan depends, and the democratic countries raise new barriers to safeguard their markets against this flood of low-priced commodities which they denounce as a Soviet plot for their ruin. The economic war gives a keener edge to the rivalry between France and Italy, and even the agrarian Balkan countries become more restless under the pinch of hard times. Under all the fine talk of European co-operation runs the whispered fear of a new grouping of hostile forces, with those nations which have a special grievance (Russia, Germany, Italy, and Turkey) aligned against France and her allies. In our own hemisphere a series of revolutions has crackled across South America from the Argentine to the Caribbean, while on the other side of the world Australia has barely saved herself from a financial collapse and all Asia simmers with unrest aggravated by the dual lack of credits for her industry and markets for her produce.

* * *

UNDER these circumstances it was not surprising that the eleventh assembly of the League of Nations should have made little progress towards its twin aims of security and disarmament. The British delegation did what they could: Mr. Henderson strengthened his position at the start by forcing the French to accept the view that the plan for the 'Federal Union' of Europe should come within the

framework of the League and be worked out under League auspices; and with the prestige of this victory lending new weight to his influence he launched a strong drive towards disarmament in which he was solidly backed by the delegates from the Dominions. Taking the ground that 'security is impossible if competitive military preparations continue as they are going on today', he declared that his Government would only accept further measures of security (such as the Treaty of Financial Assistance or the amendments to bring the Covenant into harmony with the Kellogg Pact) on condition that a general treaty for the reduction of armaments was carried through. Without disarmament these measures, he intimated, would all prove useless, and after a scathing exposition of the eleven-year delay in honouring the disarmament clauses of the Covenant he bluntly asserted that the time for results had arrived, called for a world disarmament conference next year, and appealed to all the delegates to join in a united effort to achieve 'the great purpose for which the League exists'. But the British attempt to force the pace on this vital issue broke down against the opposing forces, and when, at the end of the session, Sir Robert Borden warned the Assembly that the League stands at the bar of public opinion which demands a halt in the rivalry in armaments, there was enacted once again a familiar scene with M. Aristide Briand tearfully assuring his mixed audience that with the best will in the world his beloved France could not lay aside her arms until her security was guaranteed inviolate. The League Covenant, it is true, has been reinforced by the Locarno Treaties, the Kellogg Pact, and a whole web of lesser guarantees; but in Herr Hitler, it seems, France is now confronted by a new and terrifying danger.

* * *

IF Germany's political grievances had not been aggravated by the discontent arising from unemployment and hard times, Hitler and his Fascists would never have made their sensational gains of 95 seats in the German elections which have had such unfortunate repercussions on the League Assembly and European politics in general. This is a typical example of the direct effect of the world depression on world politics, and the epidemic of political unrest can hardly be expected to pass over until an economic revival brings a more healthy atmosphere for the

national leaders to work in. At present our business experts are hopefully prophesying an improvement in conditions when accumulated stocks of goods are exhausted and a new demand (at lower price levels) starts idle machines going again; but that improvement when it comes can only be temporary and soon the old condition of over-production and unemployment will prevail once more. For the new industrial revolution has brought us to the point where there is no longer enough money and credit in the world to enable us to consume the products of our machine-equipped labour. Our whole money and exchange system is in need of a radical readjustment, and therefore a permanent economic revival cannot come of itself but can only be brought about by the co-operation of the leading nations in some general plan to increase our consuming power and stabilize world conditions on a higher level than formerly obtained. But the political effects of the economic breakdown make it increasingly difficult for this co-operation to be developed, and if our leaders cannot rise to the demands of the occasion we may all find ourselves spinning in a vicious circle down into the vortex of catastrophe.

* * *

IN VIEW of the depressing lack of response to Mr. Graham's economic proposals at Geneva we have little reason to hope that any international co-operation to improve world conditions will be effective in the near future. That collective effort will only come, if it is not too late, when the individual national policies adopted in the present scramble for self-preservation have proved their inadequacy. These national policies fall roughly into two categories, of which those adopted by the American and the German Governments are outstanding examples. The Americans, relying on their solid wealth and vast home market, have adopted the simple policy of jacking up their tariff to keep out foreign goods and practising *Couéism* on a national scale. The Germans, less favourably situated and more dependent on foreign trade, have adopted a policy of national economy with a general wage and price reduction by which they hope to reduce unemployment and increase their competitive capacity in world markets. It is plain that these two policies cancel each other out: if either temporarily succeeds in its object it can only be at the expense of some other countries, so that the general world condition will not be bettered; and those other countries will be driven to retaliation which will result in another impasse. We in Canada have chosen to follow the Americans' example, though not enjoying anything like their degree of self-sufficiency, and our new Government after hastily throwing a few more tiers on our tariff wall has launched a national advertising campaign begging us to buy more home-made goods. 'Every time we buy an imported article', says our Minister of Trade and Commerce in his advertisements, 'when we might just as easily have found a Canadian article to serve our purpose equally well, we are helping to do some fellow Canadian out of a job, and making the job of some foreign workman just that much more secure. Conversely, every time we purposely give the preference to a Canadian article, we are helping to create employment for Canadian workers, and doing our bit towards making Canada as a whole more prosperous.' An honest paraphrase

of the last sentence might read: 'Conversely, every time we give the preference to a Canadian article we are helping to do some foreign fellow out of a job.' But it is these foreigners who buy our surplus commodities to the tune of \$1,300,000,000 a year. If we do not buy their goods they will not or cannot buy ours, so that on the Bennett-Stevens plan we shall find in the long run that we are doing one Canadian out of a job every time we make work for another.

* * *

IT IS largely because so many foreigners are out of a job or threatened with being out of a job that our wheat this autumn cannot find a market even at the lowest prices that have been seen for a quarter of a century. In an interview given at Ottawa early in the month, Premier Bracken of Manitoba stated that our grain crop this year is worth \$400,000,000 less than that of two years ago and that the net return to western farmers will be less than one third what it was then. The West, he stated, was facing the greatest crisis in its history. In common with all westerners he sees an assured wheat market in Great Britain and other countries as the prime economic necessity of Canada today. Mr. Bennett is so far sensible of the gravity of the situation as to have taken a strong staff of wheat experts with him to the Imperial Conference and to have announced there that his first concern was to establish a better market for our wheat in the Old Country. But the bargain he was prepared to strike to secure this coveted benefit is not one that will commend itself to the British people. Having raised our tariff against British goods before he left for the Conference, he proposed to the British Government that they should adopt a protectionist policy, erect a tariff wall against foreign goods, and then in return for a preference on our goods in their market we would clap an extra 10 per cent. on our general tariff against foreign goods. Now even if a Conservative protectionist government should be established (with Mr. Bennett's help) at Westminster in the near future, this is not the sort of pup that could be sold to John Bull. For with our preferential tariff already so high as to exclude most British manufactured goods, an increase in our general tariff could do the British little good, if any, while on the other hand a British tariff on foreign wheat would give us an enormous advantage at the expense of the British consumer.

* * *

MR. BENNETT was expected to sound the note of Empire unity at the Imperial Conference and he obligingly sounded it on his Canada-First drum, which is the only instrument in the political orchestra that he knows how to play. Naturally it sounded rather hollow in the ears of his audience, but what it lacked in sweetness it made up in resonance and its reverberations are still echoing in the halls of empire. It woke the British up, which is perhaps unfortunate, for no wide-awake Britishers could be expected to accept the bargain which our Premier hoped to make. However, it had the effect of bringing the Conference down to realities: the tariff proposals of the Dominions having been laid on the table, the British Government brought forward its counter proposals of bulk purchases, import boards, quota systems, empire rationalization with allocation

of production, and trade agreements such as that recently negotiated between Great Britain and the Argentine. Most of these schemes lack the simplicity of the tariff plans put forward by the Dominions, and it will take much solid committee work to explore their implications and estimate their potential benefits; but it is to be hoped that the socialistic flavour of some of them will not deter our delegates from giving them honest consideration. The main point for Canada is that we should secure a market for our wheat and other export commodities, and whether this is obtained by import boards or preferential tariffs at the British end seems a matter of relative unimportance. (Probably the quota system will offer most promise, since it has a wide backing in Britain outside the Labour Party.) But while the British on their side will not care particularly by what means we give them reciprocal advantages in our markets, they will naturally insist on fair reciprocity; and the success of the trade conference seems to depend very largely on how closely the British and Dominion views of fair reciprocity coincide. Mr. Bennett's peremptory insistence that the British people must decide 'once for all' whether they shall abandon their century-old fiscal policy in favour of his one-sided tariff scheme puzzled his new public; but his previous utterances in Canada give us reason to believe that his insistence is based on a determination to restrict our existing Imperial preferences if the British do not accept what he offers. Since the reactions of any such step would be quite as painful in our West as in Lancashire or Yorks, Mr. Bennett would be well advised to think twice before he takes it. But does our new Premier ever think twice?

* * *

IF THE nations of the world at large will not co-operate to eliminate restrictions on trade and bridge the gap between production and consumption, it is rational that the British family of nations should do what they can to achieve these aims within the limitations of their own circle. But the same qualities are needed to bring success in this smaller sphere as will be needed later in the world society. Our co-operation must be honest, the immediate sectional sacrifices made for the larger end in view must be real, and only far-sighted statesmanship can carry the enterprise safely through. What has been Canada's contribution in these respects? The co-operation proffered by Mr. Bennett is an empty sham, the sacrifices are nil, and the naiveté of his proposals connotes a simplicity of mind that must have staggered his audience. But the Conservative press and party in England have applauded him because he is aiding their protectionist campaign, the protectionist Dominions have endorsed the principle he advocates, and, most unfortunate of all, his own self-confidence is as boundless as his imagination is limited. At the time of writing it seems that his complacent obstinacy may wreck the Conference, and that the interests of Canada as a whole will be sacrificed in the interests of a group of Canadian manufacturers. But it is to be hoped that during the next few weeks more subtle minds will prevail in the Empire's board room, for if the British countries prove unable to co-operate for their common benefit the chances of world co-operation will seem remote indeed.

RICHARD DE BRISAY.

NOTES AND COMMENT

PROSPERITY—RAMPANT

UNDER the guidance of our super-salesmen, publicity experts, and other professional optimists, Canadian business has been engaged in an orgy of prosperity and has recently emerged a little shaky but still hopeful. 'Canadian Prosperity Week' (October 11-18) was organized by the Famous Players Canadian Corporation in order 'to re-establish confidence in the business stability of the country as a whole; to banish the so-called business depression, and help commerce of all kinds find its normal business channels'—whatever that may mean. The purpose of this 'nation-wide effort' was graciously approved by the Honourable R. B. Bennett and more than that the Premier of Canada 'consented for the first time to have a talking film of a short speech made commending its purpose to the Canadian people, this film to be seen and heard nightly in every Paramount theatre'. Apart from the futility of such a plan for lifting ourselves out of the slough of 'so-called depression' by our boot-straps, it would have surely been difficult to select a more inopportune moment for such an exhibition of self-hypnotism than the present. Two days before the official opening of this week of jubilation, the New York stock market crashed once more with the result that a whole series of Canadian stocks touched record lows for the year. Thirty of the more important Canadian mining stocks which had a combined market value of slightly over a billion dollars at the peak of this year's prices declined by 49 per cent., a reduction in value for the year of nearly half a billion. With wheat selling below the cost of production, with unemployment increasing, and all indications pointing to a difficult period ahead, it will take more than the sound of a few dried peas rattling in a bladder to scare away the bogey of Hard Times!

THE PRICE OF WHEAT

THE most serious threat to the future prosperity of Canada lies in the present price of wheat on the world market. At the moment it is ranging around 75 cents a bushel, it has dipped as low as 67 cents, and there are a few pessimists who are prophesying that it may fall even lower. Wheat is a big item in our export list, and this drop in value will seriously affect our national balance of trade. But this is relatively unimportant compared to the effect that it is bound to have upon the individual grain grower. *The Western Producer*, which is the official paper of the United Farmers, in a recent issue estimated the average cost of producing a bushel of wheat in Saskatchewan at \$1.03, this amount being based on the average crop in that Province of fifteen bushels to the acre. If this estimate is reasonably correct it means that the farmer is faced with a net loss of 25% on each bushel of his number one, hard; while his number six wheat, which costs just as much to produce, is selling around 50 cents. Fortunately the farmer is not forced out of business so easily as his urban brother. For one year, or two, or perhaps three, he can tighten his belt, reduce his purchases to a minimum, perhaps add a little to the mortgage, and carry on—somehow. But even the farmer, with all his tenacity and ability to endure punishment, can-

not continue indefinitely to produce crops for less than the cost of production. And future prospects are none too bright. France, Germany, Italy, and other countries are raising their tariff barriers and are attempting to become self-supporting by increasing their production of food-stuffs. On the other hand Russia, who has helped to upset the balance of the world's market by exporting some forty or fifty million bushels of wheat this year, proposes under the Five-Year Plan to export at least two hundred and fifty million bushels by 1933.

THE GLASS TARIFF

PERHAPS no measure taken in our hurried short session of Parliament to make employment for Canadian workers was more ill-advised than the increase in the glass tariff. The manufacture of ordinary glass for the world trade has long been a Belgian monopoly; after the war when (as a consequence of the occupation of Belgium) the price of glass had soared to an unprecedented level, an attempt was made to manufacture it in Canada; but with Belgium's resumption of production the price fell rapidly, it soon became impossible to manufacture it here at a profit, and the plant which had been established shut down. For years now we have bought all our glass from Belgium at a price less than half what its cost of manufacture would be in Canada; but our new Government in its zeal to promote Canadian industry included the glass industry in its benevolence and raised the tariff from an ad valorem duty of 11¼ per cent. to a specific duty of 4½ cents per pound. By such a simple shift was the fact obscured that the tariff had been raised over 1800 per cent. so that the standard case of glass which yesterday had cost \$3.43 would in future cost \$8.23. The Government had assured the country that its tariff increases would not raise prices, for our manufacturers had assured them that in return for the home market they would maintain prices at present levels; but here is a case of a product which it is an economic impossibility to manufacture here at the current price, a case where **no manufacturers** could have given the Government any price assurances since no one was manufacturing the commodity at any price at all, a case where the Government was apparently so ill-informed as to impose a tariff out of all relation to the facts. Then, when prices rocketed and the public protested, the Government abolished the new tariff on the grounds that its confidence had been abused in that no honest attempt to manufacture glass had been made by the manufacturers it had intended to help. Was there ever a more absurd business! Yet the Government intimates that if a sincere attempt is made to manufacture glass in Canada they will consider giving it adequate protection again. Now the price of a case of glass at Antwerp today is \$2.30, and a duty of at least \$3.00 a case will be needed to permit its manufacture in Canada. Is it worth while that millions of Canadians should pay more than double for their glass in order that 200 men should be given work in a Canadian plant and 200 men be thrown on the streets in Belgium?

The Canadian Forum, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

A NEW SURVEY

SO much has been written about the educational potentialities of moving pictures, and, in certain fields, so much has been accomplished in producing 'educational' films, that it is a matter for surprise that their use in the study of zoology has scarcely begun. Nearly all authorities agree that 'natural history' is a highly educative and humanizing subject, and it is certain that most children take a very keen interest in the study of wild life when it is put before them, not as a task, but as the fascinating subject which it is. The proper use of good 'nature' films would provide children—and adults—with accurate knowledge of birds and animals, would prompt them to observe wild life for themselves in a more accurate and systematic manner than they might otherwise do, and would provide real entertainment of a quality seldom reached in the ordinary 'movie'. Subjects and their methods of treatment are without number. For instance, a series dealing with birds might begin with a film showing characteristic views of some of the commonest species in each order, with 'talkie' explanations of their relations to each other. This could be followed by films showing the life history of the members of each family, illustrating family characteristics and departures from them. Or the subjects could be chosen topographically, or by season, or in a host of other ways. In addition to the popular entertainment and instruction to be derived from such films, the careful, detailed, and systematic recording of bird and animal behaviour now possible in a collection of films would be of the greatest value to professional and amateur zoologists. 'Slow motion' pictures alone afford opportunities of study not otherwise possible. In fact, the motion-picture camera is an instrument for zoological study and teaching which should be exploited to the limit. Government and university departments, museums and school boards, all would find a first-rate collection of films of the greatest value. The wonder is that one has not been made before this, especially when it is considered that a great part of the initial cost would be returned by rentals from theatres. A complete moving-picture survey of the wild life of the Dominion! What an opportunity for the employment of all sorts of abilities, and what a storehouse of information!



MR. FERGUSON AND THE CONSTITUTION

BY NORMAN McL ROGERS

ON THE eve of his departure for England in September, Hon. Howard Ferguson released for publication a letter and memorandum addressed to the Prime Minister of Canada on the subject of provincial rights in relation to the amendment of the British North America Act. His reasons for giving publicity to the memorandum at this time are submitted in the covering letter to Mr. Bennett. In particular, he expresses a fear that the adoption of the recommendations of the sub-committee of the Imperial Conference of 1926 would permit of the future amendment of the British North America Act at the instance of the Dominion Parliament alone, without prior consultation with the provinces, and without their formal concurrence in any proposed alteration of the Constitution. His own view of the proper procedure to be adopted in any future amendment of the Canadian Constitution is stated explicitly in the concluding paragraph of his memorandum. 'It is therefore earnestly represented that no re-statement of the procedure for amending the constitution of Canada can be accepted by the Province of Ontario that does not fully and frankly acknowledge the right of all the provinces to be consulted and to become parties to the decisions arrived at'.

However strongly one may dissent from the doctrine expressed in the paragraph just quoted, Mr. Ferguson is at least to be thanked for bringing into the clear light of day a problem which has been left too long in the dark recesses of our political cupboard. No student of government or of constitutional history can fail to observe the fact that Canada alone among the great Dominions of the British Commonwealth of Nations possesses no machinery for the amendment of its Constitution. Every amendment of the British North America Act must be enacted by the Parliament of Great Britain and Northern Ireland. It is true, of course, that such amendments are only in a formal sense statutes of the British Parliament, and that in every case they follow recommendations made by the people of Canada through their representatives. It is equally true that the recommendations made by the sub-committee of the Imperial Conference did not contemplate any immediate change in the existing procedure. It was considered necessary, however, to establish the legislative authority of the Dominion Parliaments on a statutory basis in conformity with the definition of a co-equal status accepted by the Imperial Conference of 1926, and in this connection it is provided that: 'Nothing in this Act (the proposed Act of Westminster) shall be deemed to confer any power to repeal or alter the Constitution Acts of the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, and the Dominion of New Zealand, otherwise than in accordance with the law and constitutional usage and practice heretofore existing'. It is this reference to the amendment of the Constitution 'in accordance with the law and constitutional usage and practice heretofore existing' to which Mr. Ferguson takes exception. He is not, it would seem, at all concerned with the problem of securing for the Canadian people an amendment procedure which would obviate the necessity

of recourse to the British Parliament as at present. He is quite willing that the British North America Act should always be amended at Westminster so far as the form of the amendment is concerned. But he points with historical accuracy to the fact that in the past the request for amendments of the Canadian Constitution has been preferred by the Dominion Parliament, and that with one exception, the provinces have not been consulted. This he regards as a violation of provincial rights, and argues that since the British North America Act was based upon an agreement or treaty between the Provinces, it ought not to be altered except by a procedure which will 'fully and frankly acknowledge the right of all the Provinces to be consulted, and to become parties to the decision arrived at'.

It may be said at once that this 'treaty' or 'compact' interpretation of the Canadian Constitution is not now advanced for the first time, nor is Mr. Ferguson the only advocate of the doctrine which requires the consent of the provinces as a condition precedent to the amendment of the British North America Act. As early as 1869, during the discussion of the Bill introduced in that year to grant 'better terms' to Nova Scotia, Hon. Mr. Holton, in an Amendment to the second reading of the Bill, moved as follows:—

That in the opinion of this House any disturbance of the financial arrangements respecting the several provinces provided for in the British North America Act, unless assented to by all the provinces, would be subversive of the system of government under which the Dominion was constituted.

It is worthy of note that this Amendment was not accepted by a House of Commons which included among its members not a few of those who had participated in the Quebec Conference. Moreover a somewhat similar Amendment was moved in the House two years later by Hon. David Mills and suffered the same fate as its predecessor. From this time forward, as Mr. Ferguson points out in his memorandum, amendments of the British North America Act have commonly been enacted by the British Parliament in accordance with the terms of a Joint Address passed by both Houses of the Dominion Parliament, and in only one case, that of the subsidy revision of 1907, has the Joint Address been based on a previous understanding with the provinces. Contrary usage, however, is hardly sufficient to prevail against the sound view that under a federal constitution an amendment of the Constitution should only be enacted after it has been submitted to the consideration of the constituent states or provinces, and adopted by at least a bare majority of them as is the case in Australia, or by a fixed proportion in excess of a majority as provided for in the Constitution of the United States. Some such procedure exists in every federal state, and indeed has come to be regarded as one of the characteristic features of a federal constitution.

This, however, is not the chief point raised by Mr. Ferguson. If it were, there would be little cause for alarm. It is one thing to urge that the British North

America Act should only be amended after the provinces had been consulted. It is a far more drastic proposition to urge as Mr. Holton did in 1869, and as Mr. Ferguson does by implication in his memorandum, that all of the provinces must be consulted, and all become parties to the amendment before it can become operative. This is nothing less than a doctrine of unanimous consent. It is a view which unfortunately has been expressed more than once on the floor of the House of Commons in recent years, and has gained the open support of some of the leading members of both the major political parties. Up to the present, however, the discussion has not passed beyond academic boundaries. Mr. Ferguson's protest is significant because it is presumably the official attitude of one of the oldest and most influential provinces in the Dominion, and because it demands something in the nature of an acknowledgment by the Dominion Government. There is all the more reason, therefore, that it should be thoroughly sifted by public discussion, and revealed in its true nature as a dangerous counsel of constitutional folly. Whether amendments of the Canadian Constitution are to continue to take the form of statutes of the British Parliament, or whether we develop an amendment procedure of our own as is the case with Australia, South Africa, and the Irish Free State, it is equally imperative that an understanding be reached on this vexed question of provincial consent. Otherwise, misunderstanding and friction are unavoidable in the relations between the Dominion and the provinces.

The outstanding objection to the proposal made by Mr. Ferguson is that its adoption would have an inevitable tendency towards constitutional rigidity. This tendency would not only be alien to the spirit of English constitutional development, but would be especially unfortunate in its results when applied to a young country which is still in a formative stage of growth, and is only now beginning to realize that some of the arrangements made by the Fathers of Confederation have little relation to the highly complex requirements of modern government. To take as a single example the financial relations between the Dominion and the provinces, scarcely a year has passed within the last decade when representations of one kind and another were not made for a revision of the terms of the British North America Act in favour of some or all of the provinces. Sometimes the claims have referred to increased subsidies, sometimes to a new delimitation of the fields of taxation. In either case, it has become evident that however wise and generous a settlement may be reached at any given time, the question is bound to emerge again at some later date in an agitation for better terms. Any attempt at a permanent settlement of such differences must take the form of a constitutional amendment as was the case in 1907, but if the unanimous consent of the provinces were required to such an amendment, it would leave the way open to one recalcitrant province to jeopardize or nullify a settlement which was regarded as fair and equitable by the remaining eight. To urge that unanimous consent under such circumstances affords protection to minority rights is surely the height of absurdity. The truth of the matter is that a minority would be given the power to prevent recognition of the rights or interest of the majority.

But it is not necessary to take a hypothetical case to establish the absurdity and injustice of the doctrine of unanimous consent. We need only turn to the experience of a country which enjoys in many respects the same legal and political traditions as our own, and which at one unhappy period in its career adopted a constitution containing just such a provision as Mr. Ferguson would now attach to the British North America Act. Between 1781 and 1789, the American States were united under a Constitution known as the Articles of Confederation. This Constitution, which was accepted by the legislatures of the several states as was the case with the Quebec Resolutions in the provinces of British North America which later entered the Union, provided in its Thirteenth Article that every amendment must secure the approval of all the legislatures of the constituent states. There were other serious defects in the Articles of Confederation, but this beyond question was the root cause of the weakness of the American Union during this critical period of its history. Certainly, the other defects could have been remedied more easily had there been a less rigid insistence upon the doctrine of unanimous consent. One of the greatest difficulties of the Union was the ever-recurring question of the financial arrangements between the confederate and state governments. In February, 1781, Congress submitted to the states an amendment which would have given it the authority to put a five per cent. tariff on imports, the proceeds to be used in paying the national debt and the interest upon it. This reasonable and praiseworthy proposal was accepted by the state legislatures in twelve of the thirteen states, but Rhode Island voted that such authority in Congress would 'endanger the liberties of the States', and the amendment failed. In the same manner, under Mr. Ferguson's proposal, Prince Edward Island, or British Columbia, or any other province might prevent the adoption of an amendment of the British North America Act providing for a settlement of the subsidy question or for a new delimitation of the respective fields of Dominion and provincial taxation.

Those who would support the doctrine of unanimous consent on the dubious ground that a federal constitution must be regarded as a treaty or compact, would do well to consider the wise advice of one whose mind was richly stored with political theory and legal precepts, but who above all else was one of the most practical statesmen of his generation. The testimony of Alexander Hamilton is doubly valuable because he was himself a witness of the evil consequences which attended the adoption of an inflexible constitution in the United States. Hamilton said:—

To give a minority a negative upon the majority (which is always the case where more than a majority is requisite to a decision) is, in its tendency, to subject the sense of the greater number to that of the lesser. Congress, from the non-attendance of a few States, has been frequently in the situation of a Polish Diet, where a single vote has been sufficient to put a stop to all their movements. A sixtieth part of the Union, which is about the proportion of Delaware and Rhode Island, has several times been able to oppose an entire bar to its operations. This is one of those refinements which, in practice, has an effect the reverse of what is expected from it in theory. The necessity of unanimity in public bodies, or of something approaching towards it, has been founded upon a supposition that it would contribute to security. But its real operation is to embarrass the administration, to destroy the

energy of government, and to substitute the pleasure, caprice, or artifices of an insignificant, turbulent, or corrupt junta to the regular deliberations and decisions of a respectable majority.....When the concurrence of a large number is required by the Constitution to the doing of any national act, we are apt to rest satisfied that all is safe, because nothing improper will be likely to be done; but we forget how much good may be prevented, and how much ill may be produced, by the power of hindering the doing what may be necessary and of keeping affairs in the same unfavourable posture in which they may happen to stand at particular periods.

It would be impossible to express more succinctly or more forcefully the cardinal objection to the doctrine of unanimous provincial consent to every amendment of the British North America Act. The purpose of unanimous consent is security through stability. But political societies are not static but progressive. If their needs and aspirations grow with the times, stability of constitutional arrangements cannot do other than produce friction instead of security. It has long been regarded as one of the chief merits of the English Constitution that it can be altered by an Act of Parliament without the delay consequent upon a cumbersome procedure of amendment. It is thus in a position to accommodate itself with ease to any change in the temper of the nation, or any demand for an extension or contraction of the boundaries of political action. In a federal state this ideal of flexibility is not attainable to the same degree as the constitution is a written one, and necessarily calls for some measure of provincial consent. Within those limits, however, which are inherent in the nature of a federal constitution, there should be the same effort to obtain the maximum of flexibility, and in consequence the minimum of friction.

The evidence of experience and the counsel of reflection are equally conclusive against a doctrine which would give an unnatural rigidity to the Canadian Constitution through the requirements of unanimous provincial consent to every amendment of the British North America Act. The theory which regards the Constitution as in the nature of a treaty or compact is equally untenable unless an entirely fictitious character is given to those provinces which have been created by Act of the Dominion Parliament out of the Northwest Territories. There is, however, one aspect of treaty engagements which must be given serious consideration in any procedure which may later be adopted for the amendment of the Canadian Constitution. The racial and religious minority which has shared with pioneers of Anglo-Saxon stock the task of building a Canadian nation, holds a position within the Dominion which is not derived from the grace or discretion of the majority, but rests upon the capitulations of Montreal and Quebec and the terms and implications of the Treaty of Paris. Great Britain having been a party to this treaty, the rights and privileges thus granted have been confirmed by the several Constitutional Acts which the British Parliament has enacted for the government of its North American provinces. In the protection of these rights, which are capable of specific designation as clauses of the British North America Act, there is every reason for a requirement of unanimous provincial consent as a condition of alteration. Such a provision would merely ensure perpetuity to clauses which in their na-

ture were intended to be perpetual guarantees, and there is good precedent for some such provision in the Constitution of the Union of South Africa. Apart from those clauses which relate to the rights of minorities, a procedure of amendment which would require the consent of a majority or two-thirds of the provinces would seem to meet every legitimate demand for provincial security. What is needed above all else is a calm and dispassionate consideration of the entire problem by a constitutional convention attended by accredited delegates from the provinces and the Dominion. Mr. Ferguson's memorandum is important and useful because it has brought the subject of constitutional amendment within the realm of political action. But a question of such magnitude is far too serious to be solved even in a tentative manner by an exchange of letters between the Premier of Ontario and the Prime Minister of Canada. As Lord Morley once observed, 'Ambrose's famous saying that "it hath not pleased the Lord to give his people salvation in dialectic" has a profound meaning far beyond its application to theology'.

POEMS

BY G. C. HADDOW

A MOMENT'S MONUMENT

Here's for a sonnet! Heaven only knows
How it will end, but having made a start,
By resolution, industry, and art
I may achieve a masterpiece. The shows
Of Time are vain and fleeting; not with those
Am I content to have ignoble part.
To Immortality aspires my heart
With Milton and with Wordsworth. Let me close
The octave and proceed to the sestet.
This should not be so difficult because
One is allowed to introduce new rhymes.
Oh admirable practice, followed yet
In strict accordance with established laws
That have come down from immemorial times!

SUMMER COTTAGE

The floor is covered with a layer of sand,
Tobacco ash, and sugar; jam adheres
To backs and seats of chairs; on every hand
The wreckage of a hundred meals appears.
Milk on the stove boils over; a rank smell
Of frying fish pervades the sticky air.
The room is hotter than the heart of Hell,
With noise, dirt, and confusion everywhere.
Like one possessed the baby whoops and shrieks,
Tearing out pages from a buttery book;
Great gobs of porridge hang on both his cheeks.
'Come on and get your dinner', bawls the cook.
Thicker than ever swarm the expectant flies,
And gathering children bellow to the skies.

CONSIDER THE POLITICIAN

BY EDGAR McINNIS

IT HAS long been clear to unprejudiced if cynical minds that the politician is a survival who is in danger of becoming an anachronism. The theory on which his existence is based is closely allied to the period of the hitching-post and the cross-roads store. It postulates a society based on the small community. Within every such community would live a group of active and inquisitive citizens. Their activity would draw them inescapably together; their curiosity would make their private lives an open book to one another. They would have a keen sense of their own mutual interests and a shrewd judgement as to the person in the community best fitted to advance those interests in an assembly of his peers. He would voice from intimate knowledge the needs and sentiments of the community he represented and their attitude toward the broad questions of general welfare. And his constituents, gathered together in the long winter nights for a convivial discussion of the eternal verities would subject his words and actions to the impartial scrutiny so favoured by such an atmosphere. The cracker-barrel and the tavern are the ultimate foundations of a true representative system.

Not that this ideal was ever fully realized. Rational judgement, in politics as elsewhere, is apt to be a less effective force than fear, avidity, or a perverse sense of humour. The motives behind the choice of a representative are often curiously varied. From hope of employment to dread of the power of wealth, they range the gamut of human impulse and human frailty. A man may be elected because of his intelligence; he may also be chosen, it is rumoured, because of his grandfather, his picnics, his absurdity, or his liquid capacity. Even a small community may have more taste for diversion than for enlightened guidance.

Still, it was to the small community that the politician was forced to adapt his art. In the process he learned many things. It was revealed to him that one righteous man with economic power was more blessed than a multitude of sinners in a state of economic dependence; that so long as promises to individuals are kept, promises to the community may be mutually forgotten; that there is more joy among parliamentary leaders over a sound vote silently cast than over an original opinion openly expressed; that a timely silence will save the necessity of many later denials, and that such avoidance of error may have some bearing on the availability of party funds in the next election.

Nor was it only to the small community that these lessons were applicable. The growth of urban centres changed the conditions of politics but not the nature of the politician. In these centres the members of the community were no longer in close personal contact. Their knowledge of personalities and affairs was much more limited. Their interests absorbed them in fields which seemed to have little connection with politics. And from these facts the politician drew the further conclusion that the average city dweller, like the porcupine, is harmless so long as he is left alone. His active constituency was still con-

fined to the comparatively narrow limits of the seekers after spoils of office. As for the great mass of alleged voters, they could either be quietly recruited by means of an adequate equivalent of 'transportation to the polls,' or safely left to the confusion engendered by the self-contradictory columns of the daily press.

So the politician has gone on, unchanging in a world of flux. Animated by a natural conviction that the interests of the nation are best assured by his own return to office, he has made it his chief task to secure election, confident that all other things will thereupon be added to the community that makes so wise a choice. Personal ambition apart, it is hardly necessary that he show either vision or initiative in the assembly to which he is sent. The simple fact that he is there, voting with solemn regularity for measures which he does not understand at the bidding of leaders whom he does not like, is surely enough to earn the gratitude of any enlightened constituency. His chief duty is not to advance ideas; it is to keep his political fences intact against the next election. Even the task of appealing to the so-called independent electors during the campaign has largely been taken off his shoulders in this age of radio and press. He can leave to his leaders the task of befuddling the benighted on the alleged issues, and devote himself to the congenial pursuit of those internal feuds in which local party organizations find their happiest diversion.

But if the politician is unchanged, the scope of politics has altered radically. As the question of the St. Lawrence waterway, in complexity and extent, is to that of the Clergy Reserves, so is the task of government today compared with its problems of even a generation ago. The new industrialism, the consequent integration of the whole country economically, the increasing pressure of economic problems which can only be solved by a central authority, have radically altered its whole function. It can no longer remain simply an arbitrator between man and man, laying down general rules to hold society together against anarchy, and allowing the individual members of that society to work out their economic destiny unhindered within those limits. It must interfere actively in the economic relations of various groups; it must face problems of immense technical complexity whose solution is vital to the community; it must not only decide on policy in these matters, but even, through its agents, control and direct many enterprises essential to the common welfare. And the ultimate decision rests, and must rest, with the politician.

One wonders how long it can last. One wonders whether the problems of the modern state have not outgrown the capacity of its statesmen. Not that they need be masters of the technical details of problems upon which experts may be called in. But it would seem essential that they should be able to make intelligent use of the conclusions which experts provide, and proof of that ability is still somewhat dubious. Any one with sufficient fortitude to make a detailed study of recent pronouncements on tariff policy would undoubtedly unearth a body of economic doctrine hitherto undreamed of in philosophy. Yet

this is a field in which expert opinion is fairly harmonious. What then would be the fate of the St. Lawrence project, on which the experts are still in violent disagreement?

Yet it is no solution to talk of abolishing the politician in favour of a glorified Chamber of Commerce. The questions of today involve the specialist, but they go beyond his field. In the end they are problems in human relationships; and it is the politician or his equivalent who must find the solutions for which the experts, as a rule, can only provide the clues. Only, he must use them as clues and not as red herrings. And before he can do that, it may be that a revolution in the nature of both politics and the politician will be needed. Other countries are already experimenting; and while it is safe to say that neither the methods of Lenin nor those of Mussolini are likely to be ours, we will be forced to find some adaptation to the tremendous economic and social strides which have left politics lagging in the rear. There is no pressure as yet. We are on a rising tide whose limits have not been set, and it will progress so long as our resources continue to yield new secrets and new riches. But when the tide has reached its flood, it will be another story. The politician need not disappear, but he will have to cease to be an anachronism. It is a new process of evolution that is in progress, and only if this quaint figure succeeds in making the necessary adjustments can he hope to escape the sad but merited fate of the diplodochus and the auk.



THE CANADIAN FORUM has just been celebrating its tenth birthday. One can put in an interesting hour or so by turning over the pages of its Volume I from October 1920 to September 1921 and observing how far our country has moved in the past decade. Those first numbers of THE CANADIAN FORUM breathe a curious spirit of hopefulness about national affairs, as if some great creative change were in the air. As one reads them, it comes with somewhat of a shock to realize that only ten years ago we were all feeling like that. When THE CANADIAN FORUM started just after the War that blessed word 'Reconstruction' was still on everyone's lips. Men were writing about the New Era in Canada. 'The challenge (says THE CANADIAN FORUM in its bow to the public) to doctrines whose authority comes mainly from their length of days no longer comes from isolated groups. It is offered in all countries and in all classes. With interests as fresh and as wide as her national responsibilities Canada refuses instinctively to bind herself to formulae. They that reverence too much old times are a scorn to the new'.

THE CANADIAN FORUM itself thought that it saw the lines along which the new developments were to run. Its first number has an article on the Rise of Co-operation in Canada. It was in these months that the U.F.A. came into power in Alberta and that Mr. Drury was trying his Farmer-Labour experiment in

Ontario. 'The present Farmer-Labour coalition in Ontario gives promise of a wide application of the principles of co-operation'. In that same winter Mr. Crerar began his campaign for the New National Policy, and told his Winnipeg audience at the opening meeting that 'Our eyes are set on the eventual elimination of the protective tariff but we propose reaching our goal by stages. We propose giving time to all legitimate interests to adjust themselves to the new order that we would bring about.' And THE CANADIAN FORUM added in comment that Mr. Drury's presence on the same platform with Mr. Crerar emphasized the fact that the Farmers' Movement had evolved from the class stage.

How strangely remote this enthusiasm seems today. Do not all the pundits assure us that we have said good-bye to all that in Canada? Or can we reply that THE CANADIAN FORUM was mistaken only in over-estimating the rapidity with which ideas move in Canada? At any rate, it is worth noting that ten years ago it was possible to believe in new ideas without incurring the suspicion of the best people. THE CANADIAN FORUM, in fact, started its career in an atmosphere of impeccable respectability. During that first year it was advertising club subscription rates with the *Canadian Historical Review*.

* * *

THERE are curious similarities between the Canada of Volume I and the Canada of Volume X. THE CANADIAN FORUM began publication in the midst of a severe economic depression which was, then as now, world wide in its scope. Its early numbers are full of comments on the continuous fall of prices and the continuous dwindling of our foreign trade; and they are full of warnings, which proved to be completely justified, that the depression was likely to last much longer than the business leaders of the country were willing to admit in public. Unemployment was a pressing problem. 'One out of every five workmen in Canada is idle', notes THE CANADIAN FORUM in May 1921. And it is a depressing proof of how little people learn in ten years to read the same arguments in 1921 as we are reading today—that unemployment is inevitable in our capitalistic system, that special relief works are mere makeshift palliatives, and that some form of unemployment insurance against these recurring depressions must be seriously considered. It is depressing or amusing, according to one's temperament, to read that in 1920 our old friend Senator Gideon Robertson, who then as now was in charge of the Department of Labour, was playing politics as usual.

And one comes across other curious items of news which remind us that politics in Canada is much the same in any decade. In the spring of 1921 the then prime minister (Mr. Meighen) was off to the Imperial Conference without having given Parliament or the country any statement as to his policy there. In the fall he was submitting himself to a general election. 'It takes courage (said THE CANADIAN FORUM) in the trough of an economic depression to appeal to the people. Seldom indeed does a government survive an appeal in such a time'. Throughout that depression the chief comic relief seems to have been provided by Alberta with her rainmaker. And now she has given us another charlatan who is going to make prosperity for us.

THOSE Canadians who were stirred at the end of the War with high hopes for a liberal progressive movement in politics (which ten years have proved to be something quite different from a Liberal-Progressive movement) have had to live through a decade of disillusionment. The reaction against such ideas has been world-wide. About all we can say for our own country is that the reaction hasn't gone as far here as in our neighbour to the south. There the last embers of Wilsonian idealism in international affairs have been quietly smothered in a Kellogg Pact, and in internal affairs the leaders of society appear to be preparing for another anti-red crusade. In Canada our farmers' movements which seemed so promising in 1921 have not succeeded in convincing the rest of the community that they were anything more than expressions of class selfishness. But if they have failed to realize early expectations the moral to be drawn is not the viciousness of class movements. There never has been a political movement in history that has achieved anything that did not have the driving force of class feeling behind it. What has been lacking in Canada has been a bridge between the farmers' sense of grievance and the wider critical outlook which ought to be the gift of the intellectuals of the community. Liberalism in this country suffers chiefly from a want of intellectual leadership and intellectual pioneering. It needs a Bentham and a Mill, not a Gladstone (or a King or a Dunning). And if journals like THE CANADIAN FORUM never do anything more than provide a field on which a few young men can sow their intellectual wild oats before they settle down safely on the side of the angels and the bankers, something at least has been accomplished in the right direction.

In the meantime journalism of THE CANADIAN FORUM type has its compensations. Mr. H. G. Wells in his latest book, *The Autocracy of Mr. Parham*, has explained what these are in an analysis which is so perfect that we must hasten to quote it before someone else quotes it at our expense. His hero, Mr.

Parham, who was an Oxford don, had the vision of 'a distinguished and authoritative weekly paper, with double columns and a restrained title heading, of which Mr. Parham would be the editor. It was to be one of those papers, not vulgarly gross in their circulation, but which influence opinion and direct current history throughout the civilized world. It was to be all that the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Nation*, and the *New Statesman* have ever been and more. It was to arraign the whole spectacle of life, its public affairs, its "questions", its science, art, and literature. It was to be understanding, advisory, but always a little aloof. It was to be bold at times, stern at times, outspoken at times, but never shouting, never vulgar. As an editor one partakes of the nature of God. And without God's responsibility for the defects and errors of the universe you survey. You can smile and barb your wit as He cannot do. For He would be under suspicion of having led up to His own jokes. Writing "Notes of the Week" is perhaps one of the purest pleasures life offers to an intelligent, cultivated man. You encourage or you rebuke nations. You point out how Russia has erred and Germany taken your hint of the week before last. You discuss the motives of statesmen and warn bankers and colossal business adventurers. You judge judges. You have a word of kindly praise or mild contempt for the foolish multitude of writers. You compliment artists, sometimes left-handedly. The little brawling Correspondents play about your feet, writing their squabbling protesting letters, needing sometimes your reproving pat. Every week you make or mar reputations. Criticizing everyone, you go uncriticized. You speak out of a cloud, glorious, powerful, and obscure. Few men are worthy of this great trust, and Mr. Parham had long felt himself among that elect minority.'

Yes, we may as well confess it. The serene consciousness of belonging to that elect minority is what keeps us going.

F. H. U.

CANADIAN BORN ORIENTALS

BY ARTHUR P. WOOLLACOT

FROM time to time surveys of the Oriental question in Western Canada focus attention upon the so-called oriental menace which presumably affects British Columbia more directly than it does any other part of Canada. The importance of the question may be gauged from the fact that not long ago the chief law officer of the Government suggested in the British Columbia legislature that Ottawa should foot the bill of a wholesale deportation of orientals back to Asia.

In all discussions on the subject there are apparent three fears in the public mind. It is feared that because of their business ability both Chinese and Japanese will become too strongly entrenched in the commercial life of Canada. This is the strongest fear and gives colour and substance to all minor apprehensions. It is also feared that they will multiply out of all proportion to the European stock, in which connec-

tion the argument is used that the native-born Japanese in California, who are United States citizens, will increase so rapidly that before the half century is out they will be in a position to out-vote the white population; there is also a fear that they may eventually intermarry with Europeans and thus introduce a further complication in Canadian life. It is not the intention to discuss the question from these several angles but merely to present certain aspects of it not generally known.

There are in the neighborhood of 22,000 Chinese and 10,000 Japanese in British Columbia, which is more than fifty per cent. of the total oriental population in Canada. In the Vancouver City schools alone there are a thousand Japanese and half as many Chinese children of whom eighty per cent. were born in Canada. In a questionnaire submitted to the principals it was asked: 'Do you consider any of these

detrimental to your schools?' The list by the way included eight Hindu children. The answer was unanimous to the effect that after teaching hundreds of oriental children, since schools were first established in Vancouver, the principals and the teachers were decidedly of the opinion that these children were not a detriment. As a matter of fact every teacher who has had to do with them is outspoken in praise of their superiority as pupils to other children. They give no trouble, they are easily taught, they are industrious and honourable, they are free from objectionable habits, they are in short ideal pupils.

A public school principal of wide experience who has taught more Chinese and Japanese in his time than anyone else in Canada is emphatic in his statement that while fully aware of the prejudice that exists in the public mind against them, he knows no reason from the teacher's point of view why there should be discrimination against them. Both Chinese and Japanese children hold their own in all school activities. Their attendance it should be said is confined entirely to two large schools in the older part of the city near the oriental quarters.

In a Provincial Educational Survey held a few years ago the Japanese pupils ranked at the top in intelligence tests. In all school sports the orientals carry off their share of prizes. In the school-room they rank well among all comers.

One of the interesting features in a recent British Columbia Musical Festival was the capture of the Stevens Shield by a mixed choir of public school children, an event that aroused tremendous enthusiasm. This unusually interesting and picturesque group was made up of fifteen Japanese, nine Chinese, and seven Italian children, with one representative each of Slav, Jewish, Serbian, Swedish, Russian, English, Scottish, and New Zealand origin. Sixty-one per cent. of them were orientals.

Mr. Hugh Robertson, the Glasgow adjudicator, in making the award to this choir of all nations, made the following significant statement: 'After having presided over hundreds of musical festivals in all parts of the world I have yet to meet with a more interesting group of children than those heard in Vancouver. It was a most moving thing to me, coming as I do from the old land, to see such a remarkable mixture of races singing as with one voice, and striving to do their best in an art that knows no racial divisions nor national frictions. I say most emphatically that the teachers, the school principals, the festival committee and all who are fostering this great work are engaged in giving a community service the price of which is beyond estimation at the present day.

'Some day these children will arise and call their teachers blessed, for it should be realized that these children by singing in one tongue, imbibing fine aims and ideals, are bidding fair to solve all the international problems of the future. Some day we shall reap a rich reward in a beautiful choir which will no longer distinguish itself by the name of any other nation than that of Canada, and it will be proud to call itself Canadian.'

In the matter of sport the Chinese formerly attending the public schools have climbed to a leading place in football. It is noteworthy that seven members of the leading team are the sons of Yip Sang, a pioneer

railway contractor, and merchant of Vancouver, now deceased.

Any account of the Chinese in Canada would be incomplete without some reference to this interesting family, which indeed is, one of the wealthiest and most influential in North America. Forty-seven years ago Yip Sang was one of that adventurous band of Cantonese lured to America by tales of gold and big business. They were of the old guard, men of initiative and vision, whose business ability resulted in the establishment of numerous concerns, many of which survive to this day in a much expanded form in the cities of San Francisco, Victoria, and Vancouver. These pioneers in point of success rank well with the Europeans who founded flourishing business houses on the Pacific coast.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was then being built and Yip Sang became superintendent of the thousands of Chinese labourers on the grade at different points between Vancouver and Kamloops. After construction days he was appointed Chinese agent for the C.P.R. and was soon the leading merchant in the Pender Street quarter. His three elder sons carry on under the firm name of Wing Sang Company. George is a graduate of McGill in civil engineering, and looks forward to a lucrative field in China when her present troubles are settled. Miss Susan Yip, after taking her bachelor's degree in the University of British Columbia, graduated from Columbia University as an M.A. and was appointed Chief Translator in the Foreign Bureau of the Southern Government in China. She married C. W. Leung, M.A. of Columbia University, head of the Department of Education in the province of Kwang Tung. Another son, Ghim Kew Yip has taken his degree in medicine at Queen's University, while Quine Yip, a younger member of high rank among Vancouver students is attending the University of B.C., and will later go to Columbia for his medical degree. The eldest son Yip Mow, besides looking after the extensive family business interests, is President of the Chinese Benevolent Association, an institution which his father founded twenty-five years ago. This organization with a membership of 6000 leads in charity work among the Chinese, and is always ready to assist generally in work of charity in the entire city. Every Chinese who requires assistance is taken care of by his own countrymen. An old people's home and a hospital have also been erected by the association. In addition to looking after the sick and aged the society also assists those who are unemployed, and includes among its other activities the maintenance of a night school where an average of one hundred students attend to study both their own language and English, as well as art subjects.

Other Chinese graduates in Vancouver are Inglis Ho Sang, B.A. of the U.B.C., and Bertha Ho Sang, B.A. of McGill. The latter married Wing Mah, Ph.D. a professor of Psychology and Chinese in Berkeley University, California. Dr. Philip Chu, a graduate of Toronto, and Dr. David Wong who took his degree in the Chicago University are practising medicine in Vancouver. Dr. Gung, also of Toronto University is following his profession in Victoria. With three exceptions the above were born in British Columbia, where all of them received their early education in the public schools of the province.

According to the latest statement available the University of British Columbia has conferred bachelor's degrees in arts on three Chinese and seven Japanese. At present two of the former and nineteen of the latter nationality with six East Indians are in attendance at the University, with about an equal number distributed in other Canadian Universities. At least three hundred Chinese students are registered in American Universities, a proportion of whom were born in Canada.

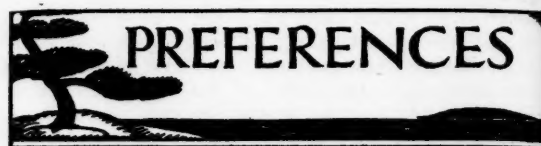
In interviews with graduates the writer had it impressed upon him that these Canadian-born young men were interested in Canadian ideals. Leadership in their communities naturally fell into their hands, and they were thus in a position to repay the country of their birth by a community service that will be of great value in the future. Having acquired western learning and an understanding of western life, they are in a position to interpret the European, the American, and the Canadian to their less informed countrymen. A considerable number of them find a wide field for their activities in China where they will assist in North-Americanizing China.

'These men', one of them said, 'will do more than an army of Trade Commissioners in fostering trade relations between Canada, the United States, and the Orient. A London paper a few days ago said that world interest in commerce is gradually shifting from the countries around the Atlantic to those that surround the Pacific. It has often been remarked that if settlement had taken place first on the Pacific instead of the Atlantic seaboard the Pacific coast would long ago have been farther advanced in commercial development than the Atlantic states today.

'Why? Because we have at our doors a billion people waiting to trade with us, to use our products in exchange for theirs. More than ten per cent. of the Canadian wheat crop is now going across the Pacific to the Orient. The demand for grain, timber, fish, wood-pulp, and medical supplies and numerous other products is continually increasing. China has no railways. Consider what an enormous amount of material she will require when she begins her programme of development. We are interested in this development, the future of which we see more clearly than you do. May I ask of anyone who knows world history whether he regards a future commerce with a billion people as of no moment in the development of North America? The future of this continent is inevitably bound up with the Orient, and we who were born here in your midst,—may it not be that it is our destiny to be the intermediaries between the Occident and the Orient?'

These words are significant in view of the importance that attaches to the deliberations of the Pacific Relations Council in Japan. Why should not the governments of Canada and the United States make use of these Canadian and American-born Chinese and Japanese graduates of their universities as intermediaries between the Occident and the Orient?

If subscribers to THE CANADIAN FORUM will notify the Business Manager promptly of any change in their addresses, arrangements will be made for the copies to be forwarded direct, and delay will be avoided.



I REALIZED the other day on picking up a recent Studio supplement how long it was since I had looked at a picture. I mean really looked at one to enjoy it as, if one is lucky enough to be in the mood, one enjoys an ode of Keats or a Beethoven quartet. I don't know how it is with others, but with me there is not a single faculty that does not periodically go to sleep. Music can play to my deaf ears for ages and then suddenly the response comes; poetry can be merely a variant on the ordinary letter-press, it can fail for long periods to quicken my inner sense until all at once the old joy returns and the old surprise. But this time it was my picture-seeing self which had deserted me and now, as I turned the pages of this illustrated volume, it awoke with a start.

I had picked up a similar volume only the day before and put it down again as listlessly as if it were a book of logarithms. What was there in the second volume that so shook me out of my visual drowse and so renewed in me that delighted sense of tone and colour, 'bumps and hollows', which is one of the last things I want to lose? These matters are, I suppose, past fathoming and not in the need of fathoming, so why fuss about them? The book is there, have another look at it.

It is a pictorial survey of recent British painting and sculpture called *Thirty Years of British Art*—meaning British in the narrow sense, and not, to use a word I dislike, Imperial—and it sells at two dollars. As for the cost, there are two colour reproductions alone which are worth the whole of it. One is *The Smiling Woman*, that rich, relaxed, warm-toned study of a gipsy-faced girl who doesn't seem to belong to any particular century or to any particular country and who might have as easily winked at Rubens in Rotterdam or at Leonardo on a Florentine bridge as at Augustus John on the Old King's Road. The other is a Paul Nash which has all the virtues the John hasn't; it is a study of a March Day—a casement window, fences, orchard trees, all felt in the austere, thinnest, most virginal manner imaginable; nature reduced to geometrical terms, yet still nature and not geometry, the clean crisp air and the faintest of growing scents tingling in our faces as we look. Perhaps it was this picture that woke me up, for when I return to the book I find myself looking for it first. It is a perfect example of the right use of abstraction in landscape. While I can't imagine anyone not liking it, still less can I imagine anyone not appreciating its exquisite simplicity. A few parallel lines running this way, a few converging lines running another, a wash of mustard yellow or pale green here, a knowing muddle of dark brown there, and the little miracle is complete. Let the snow fall, bank up the furnace, turn on those nervously flickering electric lights, here is a fine March morning, we can have it all winter long.

Of course, there is plenty of other good work, ranging from the instinctive illustrators, Strang, Williams, Nicholson, Sickert, with their favorite studies

of London types, to more experimental artists like Harold Gilman and Duncan Grant. I wondered, as I turned the pages, how much of all this work is adequately represented over here. We soon get the latest Virginia Woolf and we stand a fair chance of getting the latest Vaughan Williams, but of these plastic artists we are lucky if we see anything at all, even in reproduction. Speaking for Toronto where I write I can only think of two or three examples of quite modern English Art that are accessible here and I can only name two that show it at its very best. There is that finely moulded landscape by Ethelbert White showing trees, fields, and farm-buildings, which I came across earlier in the year in the Art gallery and which I can only hope is part of the permanent collection; and there is Eric Gill's crucifix in black marble and gold which Sir Michael Sadler presented some years ago to the Hart House chapel. Here are two really admirable representations of strictly modern English art, worthy to be put beside any in the volume before me.

This is something; but when we consider all the intercourse that goes on between the two countries, all the conferences and all the visits to and fro, it isn't much. Of course, there are other examples in the country; the War Records at Ottawa have a John, a Roberts, a Gilman, and other items of note, but nobody sees them or will see them until there is a National Gallery building to hang them in. So that they hardly count at present. We still lack the means of studying adequately the art of contemporary Englishmen of the younger and strictly post-Victorian schools.

One might retort that we have as much of their art as they have of ours and that the less we see of British art the better. But I doubt whether this retort or at any rate the latter half of it is as valid as it used to be. There was indeed a day when Canadian art was just beginning to find itself in the harsh Laurentian rock and the lone pine-sentinels and was under the necessity of stiffening for the time being against the insidious English mood with its garden softness and its mellow tones. It was healthy enough then to cry out that there was no art so foreign to the true Canadian as the English. It was all part of the attitude which gave us Thomson, Jackson, and Harris, and that is enough to justify it.

But how about the situation now, in 1930? Looking through this *Studio* survey I can find little that might misdirect a young Canadian artist and much that might help him. It is not the exclusively native stimulus that Canadian art is needing at present, it has had enough of that these last fifteen years and to give it more might be to give it too much. What seems wanted now, in these more hesitant days in which it is so much harder to see which way the art of the country will move next, is a great widening of interests and contacts, excluding nothing. The native impulse can be trusted now to look after itself, it doesn't require further nursing. The danger is that it may become too much of a convention and that artists whose natural gifts don't exactly fit in with it will fail to find what they want because of it.

This volume is full of things that Canadian artists might be doing over here without being any the less Canadian. I even find things in it which remind me of the Canadian. There is a strongly modelled study

of two heads by Henry Lamb, the one head looking up and the other down, which reminds me closely of one of Elizabeth Wood's best studies; there is a wooded hillside by Spencer Gore which with its thickened tree-outlines and its easy rhythm might have been done by A. Y. Jackson; and there is a John drawing of a Mother and Child as close in handling to drawings Varley was making in Ontario not long ago as to anything in our time.

One has to remember that if Canadian art has changed in the last thirty years, so too has English art. The glossy-audacious and the pretty-pretty may still be there but they do not hold the floor as they once did. The English mind—and, even in painting and sculpture the Canadian is going to have something in common with it—does not care to stay with utter abstractions. The theoretical extremes of the Continental schools do not appeal to it for long. But, short of these, there is nothing in the modern tendency that these English artists shrink from, they are as far from the traditions of the mid-nineteenth century as D. H. Lawrence from Tennyson or T. S. Eliot from Browning. There is much more real adventure and experiment, this volume tells me, in English art today than in Canadian. We have everything to learn from it and nothing to lose. If our art galleries, instead of trying to pick up Europe's last leavings of old masters at inflated prices, would buy the work of contemporary masters while it is cheap they would be moving in the right direction. And, if they set aside a room for contemporary English art, there would be nothing to explain.

Now I must have another look at the Paul Nash.
INCONSTANT READER.

DECAY OF CLERIC

A-sexual saprophytes unfold
Their sporophores afresh
And propagate a glaucous mould
On reverential flesh

While choughing worms debate a deed
Too dismal to be borne
And swallow particles of creed
To keep their gizzards warm.

EPITAPH FOR A LAWYER

His sole uneasiness appears to be
That he's a client to posterity.

EPITAPH FOR A FINANCIER.

There are poor worms most willing to take shares
In every one of this great man's affairs,
So shed no tear at this forc'd liquidation;
It but precedes a new incorporation.

EPITAPH FOR YOU OR ME.

This man was normal, so he needs a stone
To save his memory from oblivion.

F. R. SCOTT.

THE POLLYANNA FARMER

BY ROBERT AYRE

Preface

HERE, at last, is the Great Canadian Novel.

* * *

Chapter One

London! It was a dreary night in December. Caught in the drift of the fog, the unhappy throngs crawled despairingly about the streets like flies whose wings were wet and wilted, or (in automobiles and busses) like ungainly beetles with glowing eyes that stumbled hither and thither uncertainly, blundering along by instinct. The foul fog slopped over the city and ran into its mouth, eyes, and ears. London, on the Eve of Merrie Christmas, was depressed and heartsick. Trapped by every evil but unemployment, in the grip of fog, taxes, cold—and he had a vile one in the head—and Christmas Presents, John Bellow, the bus-driver, was fed up. Tonight, of all nights, the traffic harried his nerves. Starting and stopping, lunging along the jammed crawling streets in the dismal obscurity, his heart in his mouth every moment for fear of running down a policeman or crashing into a shop window, he grit his teeth and glared, cursing through his wispy moustache and wishing that the Thames would get up out of its bed and crush the city and everyone in it.

As he drove, John Bellow's imagination slipped free of fog and cold, taxes and Christmas Presents, and ran off on a wild-goose chase to the fair wheat-fields of Saskatchewan. John called them cornfields and he did not stop to think that it was December in Saskatchewan as well as in London. He saw the acres of golden grain swaying in the breeze, with blue cornflowers and red poppies nodding with the heads of wheat—that was the way he pictured it, anyway—and he saw himself sitting on what was probably a binder, floating through the field and watching the shocks of golden grain falling into the new-cut stubble behind him. He watched Mary and Martha, his two daughters, and Alf and Albert, his two sons, bending over the shocks and heaping them into stooks (he did not know the word, but he had the picture in his mind). And Mrs. Bellow sauntered across the field with a demijohn of beer on her hip.

At that moment, Bellow's bus lurched, struck something resistant, ran up over the curb and dived head-first *smash!* into a hardware shop window. His passengers screamed—there were two ladies and a butcher's boy on board—and with their shrieks was mingled the crash of broken glass and the metallic clatter and bang of tin, aluminum, nickle, pots, pans, kettles, mousetraps, rolling pins, toys, and heaven knows what else. Mr. Bellow woke up to find himself extinguished under a copper boiler and to hear the hardware merchant shouting for the police. Mr. Bellow cautiously withdrew himself from the boiler and stole away into the fog.

'Oh, well, it might have been worse', he consoled himself, as he slithered home down the side streets. 'It's a lesson to me. Time I gave up bus driving, anyway.'

Chapter Two

Mr. Bellow sent his uniform anonymously back to the bus company, so that he should avoid having to pay damages for the broken bus and the shop window; counted up the savings of years; booked third-class passage for Mr. and Mrs. Bellow, Messrs. Alf and Albert, and Misses Mary and Martha; and after a few months' hiding under an assumed name at a new address and studying by mail the best way to harness a horse and keep a cow from kicking over a bucket of milk, sailed for Canada.

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Chapter Three

Without further mishap, our travellers reached Montreal and were soon speeding on their way by rail across the broad Dominion. Mile followed mile as night followed day. Rocks followed trees and trees followed lakes and lakes followed rocks and trees and rocks and lakes were all mixed up together. Dizzily the rocks and lakes and trees spun past the train windows. Day and night, mile upon mile. At last, the immigrants reached Winnipeg. There they dallied for several days, walking the streets, looking in shop windows and wondering about buying boots and breeches for the Life on the Land.

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Chapter Four

Prairie! The train rushed westward, throwing it off on both sides. It lay in vast stretches behind, too, and in tremendous tracts in front. It was early Spring and the thin snow still lay on the ground like salt. The wispy trees, where there were trees, were naked and cold under the newly-washed blue sky. A handful of curious idle villagers lounged on each station platform, breathing steam into the cold air and gazing at the immigrants. Fords whirled and spluttered and slithered in the mud. Wire fences, and stubble, and dejected stooks from last year's harvest humbled by the winter, rusted machinery, black earth and snow like salt. Prairie and more prairie, and still more.

Mr. and Mrs. Bellow sighed; Alf and Albert and Martha and Mary Bellow all sighed. Mrs. Bellow said: 'A pretty lookout this! Farming, indeed! It's a pity you didn't 'ave more sense than to go pushing busses into people's shop windows.' Martha and Mary sniffed in agreement with their mother, and Alf and Albert used rough language. But Bellow the busman said cheerfully: 'We shall 'ave space to kick our 'eels.' 'Kick our 'eels, indeed!' exclaimed Mrs. Bellow with displeasure. 'Do you think we're a pack of colts?' 'We might be worse,' grinned Bellow.

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Chapter Five

'I feel like the Swiss Family Robinson,' said Bellow. He was of a romantic temperament. Had he not been, how would he ever have driven his bus into a shop window, dreaming an idyll of the grainfields on a foggy night in London? Mrs. Bellow snorted. She was not romantic. It is a good thing in this world for a romantic man to have a matter-of-fact wife. Mary and Martha took after their father, although their idea of Romance was not an Alberta farm, but

Alf and Albert favoured their materialistic mother and snorted.

The man who had taken practically all of the family savings as the first payment on the farm drove them out from the so-called railway station at Timothytop and showed them about their property.

'Isn't it rather a large 'ouse?' asked Mrs. Bellow doubtfully, gazing up at the big red frame building with the wide doors.

'House?' echoed the agent, supplying the H. 'Oh, that isn't the house; that's the barn. There's the house, over there.'

'Oh,' gasped Mrs. Bellow, never satisfied. 'I thought that was the chicken coop.'

'Dad's right,' said Alf dryly. 'Swiss Family Robinson. We'll 'ave to live in the trees.'

'Trees!' snorted Albert. 'Show me the trees!'

It was true, of course. The farm was boosted up on top of a bare hill.

'You can't eat trees,' said the agent, rather impatiently. 'This is a grain country. Besides, there's a nice poplar bluff about three and a half miles north of here, if you want trees.'

'It might be worse,' said Mr. Bellow. 'Might be too many trees. Only 'ave to cut them down to get at the soil.'

* * *

Chapter Six

Mr. Bellow climbed up on the seat of his gang plough, settled himself as comfortably as possible and clucked to his horses. 'Well,' he said, 'this is better than driving a bus in London. No traffic jams 'ere.'

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Chapter Seven

The sons were out planting vegetables and the daughters were working in the house with Mrs. Bellow.

'I don't know about these 'ere turnips,' said Alf, wiping the sweat off his brow. 'Blimee if I don't think I've gone and planted them upside down.'

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Chapter Eight

Supper was not ready when Bellow came in from the field, because only one of the cows had turned up and the womenfolk were taking turns milking her while Alf and Albert were out searching for the other cattle.

Bellow, none too satisfied with life at the moment, for all his philosophy, because the ploughing had gone slowly and the furrows had developed an annoying, frivolous bias towards waviness and his seat was sore and he had experienced the utmost difficulty in unharnessing the horses and had unbuckled more than was necessary and was wondering how he would assemble the harness for the next trip out on the land, stamped about the stable until his wife shrieked at him to vacate because he was making the cow nervous. The moment he turned his back, Ruby, with a flash of defiance in her vicious eye, kicked over the bucket and spilt the hard-won milk over Mrs. Bellow's legs. The poor woman wept with vexation and Mary and Martha proceeded to berate their father, who, being a defenceless male, fled.

* * *

Chapter Nine

As he was walking across the yard, kicking in bad humour at the chickens, Bellow looked up quickly at a shout that came to him with all the strength of Alf's lungs. Alf, astride the bay mare Dolly, was being

run away with. Bellow threw his arms to head Dolly off. She swerved. He shouted and started in pursuit. She swerved again and fled madly across the prairie.

'Ole on, boy!' yelled Bellow. He raced across the yard and jumped into the Ford that was standing in front of the house. The car refused to start and he had to get out and crank it. In again, he rattled across the yard after the flying Dolly and Alf.

Needless to say, he had a blow-out. Needless to say, he swore and tore on without stopping. He was on the road now, following a cloud of dust. Pop! Another tire gave under the strain, but he forged ahead. The car choked, jerked and slowed up. Bellow cursed, shook it, tried everything, cranked again, but he was out of gas.

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Chapter Ten

He gave the poor empty car an ungrateful kick and began trudging down the road. Dolly flew past him on the way back, without saddle or rider and the father's heart gave a leap of fear. He put his best foot forward, broke into a run and soon came upon the luckless Alf.

'Well?' said Bellow.

'My leg's broken,' groaned Alf.

The father felt it. 'Yes,' he agreed, 'it is'.

Alf groaned again.

'Never mind,' said Bellow, hoisting him up on his back; 'It might have been your neck.'

* * *

Chapter Eleven

'What's the matter with the car?' asked Alf in a hurt tone as he passed the stalled Ford.

'Oh, 'er? Run out of petrol. Blowout. Two of them. Both back tires gone.'

'My God,' groaned Alf.

'What's the odds? They might 'ave all burst.'

* * *

Chapter Twelve

Alf was put to bed, out of farming for a few weeks. Albert did not turn up that night. Nor the next. When he did come home, scratched, torn, soiled and hungry and worn out, he came bringing two cows. But they were not the Bellow cows.

* * *

Chapter Thirteen

With the help of kindly neighbours, the ex-busman managed to get his land ready and his crop in. He got his own cows back and learned the reason why six of his young pigs died and the proper way to protect the remainder of his young chickens from the hawks. Mrs. Bellow began to have better luck with the butter-making and she now remembered to put yeast in the bread. The ants were cleared out of the bread-box and some of the potatoes were saved from the ravages of the bugs. Alf recovered and learned how to saddle a horse. The cows were taught better manners.

'All is smooth sailing now,' said Bellow jovially. 'If only the weather would brighten up. They tell me too much moisture isn't good for the grain.'

* * *

Chapter Fourteen

The first crop of the Bellows fell before the assault of rust, cutworm, and sawfly after it had been thinned out by drifting and flooding.

Chapter Fifteen

'We're ruined', said Bellow, as cheerfully as possible. 'Never mind. We can go on living, and better luck next time. We 'ave plenty of potatoes.' The potatoes, however, were frozen in the ground before the green farmers could get them out.

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Chapter Sixteen

Succored by neighbours and a kindly mortgage, the family managed to live through the winter. It was easier because the death of Albert in a threshing machine, when he was working with an outfit to add to the resources, made one mouth less to feed. Farming was made simpler, too, by the freezing to death of some of the fowl and smaller beasts.

'What cannot be cured must be endured', said the erstwhile busman.

* * *

Chapter Seventeen

Spring came late but none the less welcome. How the heart of every Bellow bumped with gladness and thanksgiving to hear the wild geese honking across the swarthy night and to see the crying, never-resting gulls scattered across the fields! The snow collapsed, thinned out, and vanished, leaving the soft, fertile soil moist and ready for the plough. Crocuses timidly looked out of the prairie grass and in the warming sun crows spread their wings and cawed incessantly. The frogs began to pipe in the sloughs.

Bellow stood at the door of his humble house and looked out across his land through a mist of tears. 'Ear the frogs, lass!' he said softly to his wife. 'Spring 'as come and 'ope is born anew.'

'The primroses will be out—at—home,' said Mrs. Bellow, with a catch in her voice.

'But not in London, old girl,' her husband reminded her.

With feeling, they all joined in singing 'Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road' and when they were finished the father switched them into 'The Maple Leaf', which they sang with gusto and then went in to get their evening meal.

* * *

Chapter Eighteen

The fields were seeded and Bellow marched about his smiling acres with pride. Spring ripened into Summer and a more sumptuous crop was never seen in Alberta. The wheat grew thick and tall, firm and heavy-headed, clean and healthy. To see the wind winnowing its golden tresses was a joy such as bus-drivers in the clamorous streets of London so far, far away, never know. Bellow's pride and satisfaction was so great that he merely winked when the news was broken to him that his younger daughter Mary had run away to Calgary with a commercial traveller after a dance one night at Timothytop. From Edmonton came a postal card upon which the erring daughter had written: 'Having a swell time. Wish you were here.' She had learned many of the Canadian customs.

* * *

Chapter Nineteen

Ceres smiled. Summer rose like a tide of plenty and loveliness. As the milk from the cows' udders dinned into the pails, as the cream separator whirled and sang, as the churn whirled and tumbled, Mrs. Bellow and Martha joined their voices in glad duets.

Bringing in the cows, dumping swill into the pig-sties, currying the horses, driving them clanking home, harnessing and unharnessing, cultivating, summer-fallowing, digging out stones, haying, trapping gophers, Bellow and Alf roared merry ditties and laughed uproariously. On Sundays, there were the neighbours and sometimes there were drives to town and picture shows and games of horse-shoe as well as arguments over politics in the barber shop. There were picnics and berry-pickings, the blithest of junketings to make life spin the faster and the merrier.

'We're riding 'igh, old lady,' said Bellow, filled with the gusto of a fat summer. 'What price London now, and the crowds and the silly old bus?' He kissed his wife on a sunburnt cheek and she flushed a deeper red, like a school-girl playing Postman for the first time. They were all very happy. Then the storm broke.

* * *

Chapter Twenty

The heat became intense. For days it swelled and strained. The wild birds lay low in the grass, the chickens huddled in the shade, the dogs sprawled exhausted under the granary. Bellow slept and Martha and her mother went on with the house work as usual, but without singing.

For days there was no relief. Then a cloud appeared on the blazing blue sky. Another was thrown up. Great billows of cloud were heaped, one overtopping the other, enormous masses of rolling black and slate and lathery white. The day darkened. Lightning flashed wickedly and distant thunder growled.

The Bellows were alarmed. Everything living was rushed under cover. The family sat and watched the storm fall upon them.

* * *

Chapter Twenty-One

'Looks bad,' shouted Ed. Pike, the nearest neighbour, who passed in his car on the way home from town and dropped in to give the Bellows their mail. 'I'm goin' to beat it home as fast as I can skin.'

In addition to Eaton's Fall and Winter Catalogue there was a card from Mary showing English Bay, Vancouver, and bathers on the beach. It was addressed to her mother and the message was: 'Leo has left me in the lurch. No money. Not having such a swell time. Wish you were here.' There was a hidden wail in it and Mrs. Bellow cried: 'My girl, my girl! Let me go to her!' But Bellow refused to take the Ford out in the storm and there was no ready money for the railway fare.

* * *

Chapter Twenty-Two

Viciously the lightning pierced the heavy sky, balefully the thunder rolled. A spatter of huge rain-drops stung the roof. Suddenly heaven opened and the rain smashed to the earth in a fearful deluge. Mrs. Bellow screamed with fear and Martha trembled. When the hail came battering down, Bellow sent up a cry and ran out to the wheatfield with some wild intention of covering it up, snatching the tablecloth as he dashed out of the house.

When he staggered back into the kitchen, his face was ghastly white.

'Hailed out!' he gasped hoarsely. 'The crop's a total loss.'

Alf gritted his teeth and clenched his fists. The mother and daughter fainted in each other's arms.

* * *

Chapter Twenty-Three

'Well, never mind,' Bellow managed to utter in a whisper, smiling faintly. 'The heat was terrific and we needed the storm for relief. Look how cool it is now.'

* * *

Chapter Twenty-Four

The words were no sooner out of his mouth than the house was struck by lightning and the family was driven out into the rain, to take shelter in the barn. As they stood in the doorway gazing at the leaping flames, Bellow said, with a shrug of the shoulders: 'It was never much of a house, anyway. It is time we had a new one.'

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Chapter Twenty-Five

That night, Martha came down with the measles.

* * *

Chapter Twenty-Six

The hapless Bellows took up their abode in the empty granary while the neighbours gave them all the help they could spare in the raising of a humble log shanty. Martha was carried off to be nursed by Ed. Pike's wife. 'It is a good thing for poor Martha, after all,' said Bellow cheerfully as he and his wife turned in to sleep on their makeshift pallet of straw and borrowed blankets. 'She wouldn't 'ave liked these 'ere mice.'

* * *

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Winter found the family, freshly mortgaged, under the roof of their little cabin. 'Let the winds blow,' said Bellow courageously, as he tacked up a small Union Jack and watched the wind clutch at it. 'The old flag is still flying.'

Fall, with its gorgeous tints, had passed over them with no meaning except that it was the end of a bad year. Threshing meant nothing to them, for they had nothing to thresh.

Storm by storm, the snow invaded them, besieged them and cut them off from the rest of the world. The cold was bitter but the firewood was cheap and plentiful and they had enough supplies to keep them from starving.

As they sat around the stove of an evening with the lamp on the table and listened to the wind howling and the snow hissing and crackling against the windowpanes, the father read aloud extracts from Pickwick Papers to keep their hearts high, or they played rummy.

In all its loneliness, the prairie descended upon them on those nights, and to the vast loneliness was added silence and was added cold.

Poor Mrs. Bellow sat pining for her daughter Mary. At any time now, the stork would land in Vancouver, but there had been no letters, and for days they had not been able to get to town because of the drifts. Mrs. Bellow's heart bled for her husbandless, penniless girl who was suffering for her folly. The wintry prairie and the worry weighed upon Mrs. Bellow's soul and crushed the reason out of her brain. Melancholy settled deeper and deeper around her and she sat brooding and staring.

'Poor soul,' murmured her husband. 'It's just

as well she don't know what's going on.' And he thanked God for her wandering mind when Alf—

* * *

Chapter Twenty-Eight

The blizzard raged around the house, thundering against it, squeezing in with frost through every crack. The little shack creaked and quaked. The fire in the stove flickered and collapsed in ashes. The wood was done.

'I must see if I can get some more fuel,' said Alf, looking up from the black and empty stove.

'Don't go out in that fearful storm!' implored Martha. 'Let us burn the furniture first.'

But Alf insisted. There was little furniture left to burn and there was a pile of wood next to the stable. 'Besides,' he said firmly, 'I must see to the animals. We have not been near them for a week. They may be cold and hungry.'

'They may,' said Bellow. 'Take a lantern with you, my boy. It is only a step to the stable, but it's a wild, dark night.'

Alf bundled up warmly, lit the lantern and went out. The wind nearly tore the door off its hinges as it snatched him into the blizzard.

They never saw Alf again.

* * *

Chapter Twenty-Nine

When winter cleared away, the three surviving Bellows emerged with thankful hearts.

'Well,' said the erstwhile bus-driver, thinking of the streets of London and the fogs, 'we've 'ad it quiet, anyway.'

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Chapter Thirty

Early that Spring, the mortgages were foreclosed and the Bellows were sold up. 'Well,' said Bellow cheerfully, 'there's one thing about people doing things for you—you don't 'ave to make up your mind yourself.'

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Chapter Thirty-One

Martha married the Sergeant of the Mounted Police and went away off into the North somewhere to be killed by wolves while her mother and father struggled to Calgary. While Mrs. Bellow was recovering her reason, Bellow acted as janitor of a small apartment block. They lived in the basement near the furnace and kept a cat, a great plantation of geraniums—to keep their agricultural hand in—and several canaries. So they settled down, the two of them, to a life of comfortable old age. Oft, as he stoked, oft as she polished the bannisters, Mr. Bellow and Mrs. Bellow thought of the farm and of their hard luck, but they cheered themselves by the reflection that they had escaped with their lives.

* * *

Chapter Thirty-Two

Oil was discovered on the farm. Incredible quantities of oil, and fortunes were being made over-night.

'If we 'ad stuck,' sighed Bellow, looking up from the newspaper headlines, 'we should 'ave been fabulously wealthy, beyond the dreams of havarice. Oh, well—he filled his pipe and puffed at it—the simple life's best for us, old girl. What should we do with a lot of money? It wouldn't bring us nothing but unhappiness and misery.'

The End

UNLEASHED

BY MARY CORNELL

ELSPETH was afraid the child would die. In a way she would have been glad to have it die, it seemed so much the nicest thing that could happen to the poor little creature, but she did not want to live on herself without the consolation of being able to take the small bundle of quivering nerves in her arms. She thought of that coming home in the smothering dusk without the child being there to snuggle up against her, and the picture made her turn her old face away; it was too brutal.

Yet one of them must die first. The knowing this was a bitter salt that sprinkled her food and a wasp that buzzed above her slumbers. For where would little Margie be if anything should happen to her? Perhaps in an orphan's home; and to Elspeth there was but one word that connoted a greater terror and that was 'hell'. Margie dead would never go to hell, but Margie left alone might go to . . . Elspeth would stop short of the name and clear her throat noisily. She decided to take good care of her own health—that health that was worthless to her save as a defence for the child.

It made life very hard, this perpetual fear of Margie dying, and others, detecting the fear—others with nothing themselves to fear—became bold and overbearing. There was the old dame in the big stone house who treated her like a servant. Elspeth knew that she was a servant, but she objected to being reminded of it. She thought that folks might live up to the make-believe of Elspeth being better than her circumstance. For little Margie's sake. One was bound to look upon Margie as a little lady. For was not her mother a lady, a fine doctor's daughter who had fallen for Elspeth's worthless son? Little Margie had some standing as Hester's girl. Now they were all dead, the doctor and his lady, Hester, her own wild son, and among the lot of them had left no money behind. It was a sad affair. But it had given little Margie to Elspeth. A pity though that decent folks couldn't remember and treat Margie's grandmother as something better than a servant.

Elspeth used to hold forth to the neighbour woman about the dame in the stone house. The neighbour sympathized.

'I wouldn't stand for it,' she declared. 'She don't treat you nothin' better than a dog.'

'Not so well's that,' answered Elspeth, wisely, solemnly. 'She's fair respectful to her dog. She treats me more like a servant.'

Elspeth was on her knees in the kitchen of the big stone house. Her lips were mumbling blasphemies and her eyes were inflamed with hatred. The woman had spoken insolently to her, rated her sharply for having splashed the woodwork while in the act of scrubbing. As if Elspeth didn't always go over the woodwork afterward with a damp cloth and leave it clean and spotless! Wasn't it bad enough to be even a good scrub woman without being a slovenly one?

She clenched her teeth hard. She wanted to splash more of the woodwork, to splash the walls, the window panes, the curtains. She wanted to spill

the dirty scrub water over the floor and then haughtily walk out of the hated house forever. It would have given her a sense of rapture. It would have set her free.

Then she thought of little Margie. Supposing she were to walk home after such an orgy to find little Margie dead. Sometimes God did things like that. Not always of course—Elspeth had seen much spite go unpunished—but one could never be sure. He might take that way of saying to her: 'Elspeth, you have been given good Christian instruction; you have witnessed the results of your son's wild ways; you have been taught the wisdom of meekness and long suffering; yet you could not learn without the final lesson.' And there would be little Margie lying stiff and silent.

'Oh, I can, Lord, I can!' her terrified lips uttered. 'I'll be meek; I'll be patient. Only save and bless little Margie, dear, good, beautiful, holy, loving God.' She was sorry she could not think of further glorifying adjectives with which to appease and extol Him, but surely He understood how much in earnest she was.

She finished washing the floor and set about polishing the woodwork. Inwardly she rebelled against the hated duty.

'Perhaps I ought to do it in a more loving spirit,' she reflected, and again she trembled for Margie's safety. But she could not command the spirit as she could command the flesh, and she hoped that God would accept the deed for the will.

She went home and found that Margie was all right, having got on well with the neighbour who cared for her during the day. Elspeth breathed a sigh of gladness. This was the divine reward for having kept herself well in hand.

But no sooner was one such conquest won than she was again plunged into battle. This time it was at the shoe store. She had bought herself a seven dollar pair of shoes. It had been one of those strangely reckless somnambulistic moments when the sense of reality vanishes and one pays exorbitant prices without counting the cost. She had gone in intending to give four dollars at the most, and then there had been something about the salesman, or the shoes, that had hypnotized her. Now when she realized all that three dollars might buy for little Margie she felt herself burning up with shame. At home she tried her foot into the shoe. It hurt. Heaven be praised—it hurt! Now the pair would have to go back.

As though to drive home the enormity of her folly, one of her patrons just then gave her a pair of shoes almost as good as new and which fitted her better than the purchased ones.

She took the shoes back to the store. She was afraid of trouble. The salesman could see that she was in the working class and he was none too deferential.

'Too small?' he said. 'We can give you larger'.

Everything he tried on failed to suit her, and she asked to have her money back. He referred her to

the manager. As soon as she looked at that brick-wall face she knew it was hopeless. But she could not yet believe that she was not to get her money.

'It isn't my fault that they can't fit me', she pleaded.

'I'll give you a credit slip,' he proposed. 'It will be good any time you care to use it.'

'I don't want a credit slip.'

'That is as Madam chooses. I don't urge it on her.'

It was preposterous that she should lose seven dollars in that way. It was incredible. Why, that was a fortune, more than it was reasonable to lose except by earthquake or fire. There must be some way of getting it back.

She told him about little Margie. It was Margie that made it important. His lips curled without smiling, and he shook his head.

'We've heard those stories before,' he said complacently.

It was no longer the money that mattered. Seven dollars seemed small, insignificant. But to have been defrauded by such a boor! Such a rat!

She walked out of the store with her head high. Her soul was given over to visions of high revenge. A dread calamity was called down upon his business; hundreds, nay thousands, of dollars were being diverted in a dread mysterious way. The man became paralyzed with fear. He burrowed for the secret foe and came upon Elspeth.

'You!' he shrieked. 'You!'

'It is of Mon-soor's choosing,' she replied complacently. 'I didn't urge it on him.'

'But this is frightful!' he raged. 'You can't do this. It will ruin us.'

'I've heard those stories before,' said Elspeth calmly.

Then like a flail across her exultation came the white stiff features of little Margie. No, she mustn't—she mustn't do this. She set about to sweeten her mood and to tune her heart to forgiveness. She came to it by degrees: she would let the man with the brick-wall face keep her seven dollars; she would not pursue him, nor curse him, nor pester him in any way.

All of Elspeth's fights had been fought, her victories won, her grudges given decent burial. Then out of a clear sky, despite a late record for Christian piety that might make even the angels envious, old Elspeth beheld little Margie sick and die.

The kind neighbour came to console her:

'It's much better so. When the first hurt is over you'll see it's better so.'

But Elspeth already knew it was better so. How selfish she had been, how cruel, wanting to keep the little creature here instead of letting her go on to Hester and the doctor and his lady; yes, and to her own wild son, who was perhaps not quite so wild in that other world.

From the cemetery she went to the shoe store. She passed the big stone house, smiling to herself to think how surprised the good dame would be to find out that she could no longer depend on her servant's meekness.

In the store she asked for the manager. It was a busy day, with many customers getting fitted. She had to wait a long time before he would come to her.

She looked at him with blazing eyes. She clenched her fist and brought it down on a table so that it made some of the boots bounce about.

'Now,' she said, 'you'll give me back my seven dollars.'

He stood somewhat nonplussed, afraid of a scene before so many customers. His face was less of a brick-wall now, but uglier than ever. She detected his fear and she raised her voice still higher that everyone might hear her.

'You have seven dollars that belong to me. I'm a poor washerwoman and I've just buried my only grandchild and you are going to give me my seven dollars.'

'We've nothing of yours, Madam, on which you've any claim except a pair of shoes which you contracted to buy, and they have been here at your disposal any time you chose to call. But since you need the money so much of course we'll give you that instead.'

'But I don't need it,' she screamed after him. 'I don't need it! I don't want it! The money is nothing to me, but you're going to give it to me just the same.'

HILLTOP

who is that on the hilltop
drawing into himself the erect new rosy shafts
of early sun

the sides of him
and the straight calm angles of his face
are spangled with glory

new marchings are coming up the sky
new spears of red sharp strength are clashing
noiselessly in the broken and suddenly
sighing air

is he offering himself

but he has nothing
you can see he has no possessions

himself he is offering
his own worth as a being
and as a man
and as a pool of quiet for the downshine of the sun
and as an aspirer

to

the

whiteness

and

height

of stars

BERTRAM BROOKER

PICTURES AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

BY E. WYLY GRIER

IT MUST be admitted, I think, that there were many people who were disappointed to find that the Canadian National Exhibition, consistently with its general policy for this year, had made its art show purely Canadian. This feeling was not justified. The pictures served to give the Canadian who should be interested in his country's history a glimpse of its art as seen in the growth of the country itself.

The collection of pictures displayed in the Fine and the Graphic Art galleries was not laboriously historical of course, because it was imperative that it should be attractive from the showman's point of view. Those who entered the galleries with the purpose of finding entertainment would have yawned wearily if they had suspected that a seriously historical collection had been made with the object of educating the visitor. None of us mind learning something in our moments of recreation; but we resent the idea that we are being taught.

The show, then, was mildly instructive; and it was possible to catch a glimpse of the early art of the last century as illustrated by Kreighoff, and later by Jacobbi, and Lucius O'Brien. The art of the Eighties and Nineties of the century had sturdy exponents in Blair Bruce, Paul Peel, and Homer Watson. At this distance of time (to blend time and space) we can see in the works of Bruce and Peel the competent technique and undeniable mastery of the medium in which they wrought; and can trace, in the work of Bruce, the influence of the French impressionists; and in that of Peel the less desirable flavour of Bouguereau. Not that Bouguereau ever painted children who looked as though they had ever lived; Peel's attack was sufficiently spirited to infuse life into most of his work, but he might have given us much more vital work if he had not accepted as art the pictorial platitudes of his master.

The length and breadth of Canada had its representatives in the show. Fred Amess, E. W. Code, Miss M. Loughheed, Will Menelaus, and F. H. Varley, from British Columbia; Harry Britton, Elizabeth Nutt, and Marjorie Tozer from Nova Scotia; and many exhibitors hailing from Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Quebec, and the Island of Orleans. One obtained from a general survey of the whole exhibition the impression that some day in the near future a comprehensive collection, revealing all schools of thought within the confines of the Dominion, might be gathered and presented to the world without apology: and, in making such a collection, the showman's outlook would be eliminated, and the excellence of the work alone considered.

Bearing in mind the fact that the two main art bodies of Canada, the Royal Canadian Academy and the Ontario Society of Artists, have confined their activities almost exclusively to the east, it is interesting to note that exhibitors are enterprising enough to send their work from British Columbia, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Alberta. And much of it shows a quality which will, it is to be hoped, enlarge the

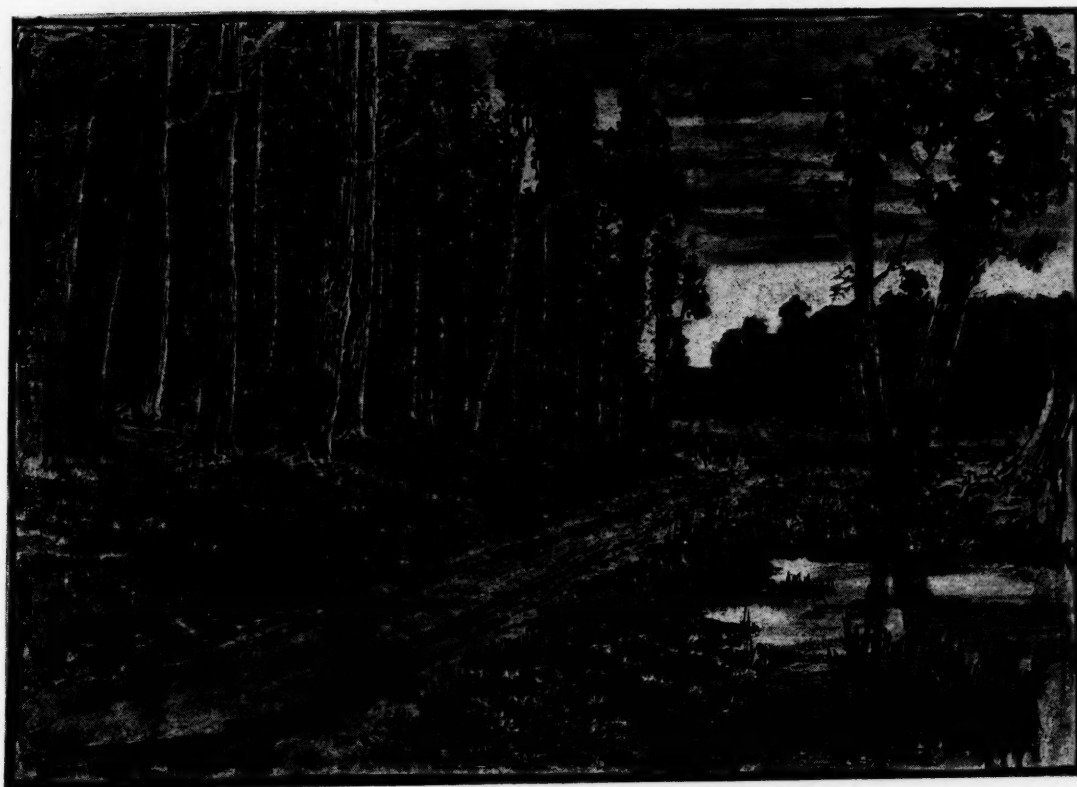
scope of the activities of at least the Academy (whose interests should be Dominion-wide) until the best products of both east and west may meet for display in a common place of exhibition. Such a central gallery might be found in Winnipeg without depriving the east of an exhibition which could be held before or after the central one.

Of the localities which contributed vital work to the C.N.E. the Quebec quota may be selected as having added very substantially to the interest and vitality of the whole. Such well known painters of traditional type as Horne Russell, Maurice Cullen, F. S. Coburn, Jos. St. Charles, Suzor-Coté, R. W. Philot, and Clarence Gagnon sent excellent work; while painters of more modernist tendencies—such as Edwin Holgate, R. S. Newton, A. H. Robinson, Mabel May, and Liliat T. Newton made interesting, if more challenging, appeals to public notice. In the two groups one might single out Suzor-Coté's 'Le Printemps' as an instance of the traditionalist's regard for, and successful use of, tone values, atmosphere, and texture; while A. H. Robinson's 'St. Lawrence at St. Fidèle' is strikingly impressive as illustrating a felicitous use of that rather over-advertised element in modern (if not in all) composition—pattern.

The portraits are fairly numerous, very diverse in outlook, and supporting a variety of dogmas, traditions, and fads. One that was welcomed by the painters was Yulia Biriukova's sympathetic immortalization of the rather shy but genial smile of the president of the Arts and Letters Club, J. E. H. MacDonald. And, speaking of the ladies, how well 'The Tiff', by the late Florence Carlyle, bears the test of years! It told its human story simply and well; and justified itself as a tableau by fine qualities of arrangement, colour, and light. The late Robert Gagen's rather tardy arrival in the field of massive oil painting—as distinguished from his early mastery of water colour—is shown in the robust picture, 'Dirty Weather'.

Ontario is well supported in landscape by the well known painters F. H. Brigden, F. S. Challener, W. E. Huntly, G. A. Kulmala, André Lapine, F. N. Loveroff, Owen Staples, Tom and George Thomson, Homer Watson, and J. W. Beatty. But, in figures, we find very few to succeed the departed leaders Paul Peel, Blair Bruce, Florence Carlyle, William Brymner, C. Kreighoff, and Miss McNicoll, (whose 'The Victorian Dress' is almost without a rival). In this limited field, today, we find Suzor-Coté, with his characteristic Habitant studies; C. W. Jeffreys, with his striking mural painting of 'Indians at the Chaudière Falls'; F. S. Challener, Holgate, and Arthur Heming with his intimate revelations of forest life, and especially in his arresting 'Northern Drama'.

Of landscape of newer type there are many interesting examples such as Harold Beament's 'Close of Day, Winter' (which I confess appeals to me much more than many others of his recent works in which he seemed to be straining after originality); Frank Carmichael's 'Village of Whitefish Falls', with its



A WOODSIDE ROAD

By HOMER WATSON

quaintly ingenious but quite beautiful sky; L. L. Fitzgerald's 'Oakdale Place', less firmly painted than former works; Lawren Harris's 'Red House, Winter', A. Y. Jackson's 'Quebec Farm', and Franz Johnston's impressive 'Aftermath'. In a class by itself is Elizabeth Nutt's 'Old Cottages', with a certain Victorian charm, which will appeal to British sympathizers.

Taking it by and large we have progressed, in some directions, since the days of Kreighoff, O'Brien, Bruce, Peel, and Jacobi; but an unbiassed scrutiny of the best of the figure works of the old timers makes it questionable whether or not, in this particular field, we are making any headway. In Victorian days academic discipline was somewhat severe; but it conduced to a widespread capability to draw and paint the human figure; and humanity is, after all, a subject of rather absorbing interest. In this age it would seem that the dread of being thought Academic (like Michel Angelo, for instance); or of telling a story (like

Giotto, for instance) keeps a number of painters silent on the subject of mankind. And the net result is that we are continually experiencing, at the hands of the painters, the thrills, the risings and sinkings, the qualms and the raptures of a sort of pictorial scenic railway journey.

As I stood looking at a veritable masterpiece in the Scottish National Gallery, a few weeks ago, I wondered why we had spent so much time reading Ruskin's gush about Turner, or in analysing the picayune technical futilities of a coterie of French neurotics. What was the masterpiece? It was a figure work. It was monumentally simple. It portrayed the ruler of the world, and was entitled 'Master Baby'. The painter was Sir William Orchardson, most of whose well-known works are story pictures. He painted almost as many of them as Rubens, Rembrandt, or Giotto. This work epitomized the story of the genus Homo.

MURMURS IN A CEMETERY

At a Great Soldier's Funeral

BY J. E. H. MACDONALD

Upon the unresisting sod
He falls with those on whom he trod
And though they fought to take or keep
Alike they lie in heedless sleep;
The spirit stands with silent word,
Lay down the baton and the sword;
Bring laurels from the time's increase
To honour death's enduring peace:
For conqueror and conquered come
The rolling of the muffled drum.

O folly of the mailed arm,
Who shall your reckless vigour charm
To inner conquest and control,
Beneath the captains of the soul?
Who through your noisy hates can show
The quietude our spirits know?

Lay down the baton and the sword,
The spirit bows with silent word:
He leaves us with no certain right
We had not ere he struck with might
Of men who gave him will and blood
For him to use them as he would.

No martial victories increase
The ranging of the spirit's peace
We hold within the spirit's fane
More than all victory can gain.

My sword is broken by the gentle earth
The worm has entered all my strong defence,
Kindness from man to man is all the worth
I conquered by the body's vast offence.

Go, stranger, loiter not beside my bed
Deeds for the living, stillness for the dead.

For peace you cast us here among the slain
Keep it, O Living, or you live in vain.

I slept in weariness of battle life
O wake me not with sounds of battle strife

If birds are singing now beside my grave
Listen, and share with me the Heaven I have.

He thought he wrote with common pen
And not with lives of brother men,
Forgive him if for worldly fame
He took our lives to sign his name.

Mourn not for me who lie where you must lie
Only the living have the grief to die.

I fought for fun and not for Kings,
I went to hell on flaming wings,
Though rulers praise, and padres pray
War cannot lead another way.

Hang crowns on thorns, O King, when kneeling here
Cover your head, O Workmen, standing near;
Let rulers mourn repentant for our death
But sing you, brother with a freer breath.

My earthly name is hidden deep
Beyond the touch of lie or sham;
My Heaven name is Peace on Earth
If you would honour what I am.

HOMER WATSON: ROMANTIC PAINTER

WHEN the Museum of Modern Art, in New York, presented an exhibition of work by the old men of American art—Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins, and Albert P. Ryder—there were many who saw this gesture as being marked by inconsistency, and could not see the relation between the paintings by these artists and the movement which, according to its very name, the new Museum is understood to promote. The Museum made no apology and offered no explanation. Thereby it took a definite position. Homer, Eakins, Ryder, were the modern men of their day, modern because creative, modern in the permanent sense of the word.

Until the Museum of Modern Art gave its walls to the imposing display of pictures by these ancestors; who, but the unusually independent-minded, would have dared to mention the names of Homer, Eakins, and Ryder with admiration.

These remarks are suggested by the retrospective exhibition of the work by Homer Watson, held during October, at the Toronto Art Gallery. The words conservatism and academism were cautiously pronounced by a few people, in connection with this exhibition, and on the part of those self-styled critics who have suddenly grown an interest for art, and modern art in particular, there were expressed a few words of appreciation that were as vague as they were apologetic. It is too bad, this attitude toward art, it is exactly like politics, except that it cannot defend itself.

With Homer Watson we have to do with art, art as it was defined by Emile Zola: 'Nature seen through a temperament.'

True, this artist is not a realistic painter who has experienced the aesthetic thrill of the ugly or the sordid in nature; neither has he become attuned to the time in which we live to the extent of reflecting impressions of our chaotic ideas and motions toward progress in his pictures. He is distinctly of the nineteenth century, and the product of romanticism. Born at a time when Canada was still in its rugged state, it is not the roughness of the soil which was an inspiration to this painter, it was his longing for a landscape which would have both the grandeur of his native Ontario and the smoothness of a 'long-lived' country-side. Theodore Rousseau and Constable live again in his best pictures. These two masters are perpetuated by the work of Homer Watson, not because the Canadian artist was influenced by their technique, but, one feels, because he saw nature through a temperament akin to theirs.

In the wake of this new art-consciousness which we witness in Canada, when painters like A. Y. Jackson, Edwin Holgate, and Emily Carr, reflect in their work with such gusto a Canada of today seen and felt through personalities modelled by our modern age, painters like Homer Watson are likely to be discarded in a hurry, as less Canadian. But what has Canadianism to do with art? It is not the pure Canadianism of Jackson, Holgate, or Carr that makes them what they are, it is their integrity in the expression of their respective personalities and their understanding of the craft of painting.

The collection of work by Homer Watson presented by the Art Gallery of Toronto was not made up of great works exclusively. The painter was represented at his best and also at his worst. His best paintings were among his earlier ones, some of his worst looking as though they were done on a bet, to demonstrate to himself that he too, could work fast and in a snappy style. The result may look like pastel or tempera work, but it is thin in paint, and chalky in effect, and one turns back to the massive, well-rounded out, lovingly finished pictures which have taken more work to complete but which bring a warm response from the beholder.

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TAKE DUNDAS CAR

'The Flood Gate' which belongs to the National Gallery of Canada is probably the masterpiece of Watson. One thinks of Delacroix in the handling of his sky and of his composition. The dramatic quality of this work is of the same force as if the hand of Delacroix had had something to do with it. It is decidedly a Museum painting. Several of his studies of oaks have tones and touches which remind one of the browns and full strokes of Courbet. 'The Creek at Moonrise' in a somber key, is fuller than the best Ryder.

Indeed Canada will claim her own Watson someday, and the poor pictures which occur, from time to time, from his brush, will not belittle him, no more than some of the clumsy strokes he is guilty of, or some less fortunate arrangements of composition which one finds in several pictures in the collection. All these false steps are a testimonial of sincerity, conscientious work, and touching candour.

JEHANNE BIETRY SALINGER.



THE NEW WRITERS

X.

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

THE Button-Moulder may call around any day to throw one of the three English languages back into the pot. One of them is really quite safe. The spoken language may give a good deal of concern to the purists and the grammarians and the imperialists, but not to the Button-Moulder, because it is fulfilling its destiny, is itself. The poetic language is, I fancy, far from secure, in spite of the seeming subsidence, for the moment, of free verse and the like. But the prose language is in a bad way. At best it remains a robot.

The biological analogy is a dangerous but convenient tool, but, this granted, one may perhaps be permitted to go on to say that our literary prose language is organically separated from the spoken, possibly also from poetic speech. The spoken language is a living and a growing thing, a thing of communal genesis: the poetic language may be a living thing too, for aught I know: but the prose language is demonstrably a man-made instrument, devised by a Caxton, a Hooker, a Dryden, Addison, or Newman. The spoken language is a habit; the prose language but a fashion of a day. Hence, there is no valid reason why the writer who finds this present fashion inadequate for his expression should not try a new style. This is the real justification for the experiments of a Gertrude Stein, a James Joyce.

Most people have little tricks of expression, acquired in all sorts of ways, generally reflecting mere unthinking habit, but sometimes having a real connection with individual modes of thinking. In adult speech, and in writing, most of us try to rid ourselves of these personal speech habits. But the ultra-individualistic writer who is dissatisfied with the prevailing fashion may develop a new style in conformity only with his own manner of mental process, seeking

distinctiveness in the very quality and degree of his difference from his fellows; requiring his readers to learn his new symbols. The chief grounds of complaint against such styles are their frequent inevitable obscurity, and the over-emphasis upon manner which they induce. At the other pole is the method used by Hemingway and others, which is so social that it recognizes only the current colloquial speech as the legitimate language for literary prose. This method unfortunately neglects to provide the reader with a substitute for the rhythmical relief of intonation found even in the most arid speech, and hence leaves only too often an impression of metallic steam-rivetting harshness. But there are those who have been fortunate enough to find in some isolated community a speech leisurely enough, sufficiently unclipped, to serve as the foundation for a new and vigorous, but without highly rhythmical prose. Of such discoverers, two who stand out in my mind at present are John Millington Synge and Elizabeth Madox Roberts.

Miss Roberts has found a community in the Kentucky mountain districts in which the idiom has moved far more slowly than in most other parts of the continent, and she has used this as the basis for a prose which is probably the most musical in contemporary literature, without any loss of lucidity or energy, without the smell of the study, without any of the turgid vulgarity which Aldous Huxley deplored a few weeks ago and which is found so often in poetical prose. Just how much Miss Roberts has tampered with her raw material I do not know. I suspect that she has both enhanced its rhythmical qualities and widened its scope. Moreover, I have certain suspicions as to the influence under which she has worked in evolving her idiom. And finally, alas, I am afraid that the beautiful instrument she has created is showing some characteristics of Frankenstein's monster.

Miss Roberts attended Chicago University, in which Chaucerolatry is rampant as it is nowhere else today. Unquestionably her work has been influenced by Chaucer. One of her five books, *Jingling in the Wind*, not only takes its title from the Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*, but reeks of Chaucer all the way through, both in form and spirit. Miss Roberts is not an imitator of Chaucer, but is a sharer of his spirit, that spirit of genial sympathy and gentle irony, with its usually repressed capacity for a fairly boisterous laugh. Like Chaucer, she sees people clearly, and enjoys them.

The mood of railery which dominates *Jingling in the Wind* is not common in her work, and it is for that very reason that an adequate understanding of her attitude cannot be obtained without a reading of that delightful satire. It reveals the Ironic Spirit which balances her Spirit of the Pities, and preserves her from any danger of sentimentality. Perhaps one should say her Spirit Satiric, since men like Thackeray furnish evidence a-plenty that irony may be merely a method of temporary escape from, rather than a preservative against, sentimentality.

Miss Roberts' work is free of sentimentality, but its realism, like that of Chaucer, is permeated with romance, with glamour. This is possible because she has discarded the poor old worn-out duality of body and mind from which the sordidness of realism springs. Her leading characters, to whom she entrusts the task of directly or obliquely conveying her

idea, experience life with their whole beings indivisible, think with their whole bodies. This extraordinary sensitiveness not only enriches common experience, but establishes also a community of living between the character and the grasses, the cows, the birds, amidst which she works. Hence, there are hidden sources of comfort, of fulfilment, even in the midst of tragedy, of grinding poverty, of horse-whippings, of scalplings, of death. Another element in the romantic quality of Miss Roberts' writing which is not divorced from reality is the dauntlessness with which she invests her chief characters, a dauntlessness which among the poor is more often found in the country than in the town. Ellen's home has been broken up by brutal night-riders, and in the moonlight the family loads its possessions on the wagon and moves off for some other, utterly unknown destination.

'Where do we think we'll go now, Mammy, and where will we stay tonight?' one asked.

'I don't know. A far piece from here.'

'God knows!'

'Some better country. Our own place maybe. Our tree in the orchard. Our land sometime. Our place to keep.....'

A restless soul she is, Miss Roberts, and will forever set her people on great wanderings. Of her four prose books, only one, *My Heart and My Flesh*, is not a faring-forth, and it is her least successful. 'We ought to be a-go on,' says Ellen's mother, to strike the keynote of *The Time of Man*. Jeremy the Rain-maker moves with a goodly company of pilgrims to the great Convention in *Jingling in the Wind*. Her latest book is built around the westward journeying of the Kentucky pioneers. Miss Roberts has the restless spirit of the pioneers, of the Canterbury Pilgrims.

This restlessness may be partly responsible for the gravest danger that confronts Miss Roberts as a writer, especially when combined with a consciousness, a justified consciousness, of stylistic power. In *The Time of Man*, she achieved a remarkable harmony of idiom and subject, partly, though I think not mainly, because the basic harmony was there to begin with. In *Jingling in the Wind*, she played with various styles, and it was pleasant pastime. Style was part of the fun, part of the satire. In *My Heart and My Flesh*, she did little experimenting, but used a rather conventional, workaday style. But, in *The Great Meadow*, she grew concerned again with idiom, with the idiom she had employed in *The Time of Man*. Painters tell us that there comes a time in the history of a canvas when any additional refinement, any additional stroke of the brush, detracts from the quality of the painting. This seems to me to be what Miss Roberts has done with her style in this latest of her works. It is in places too consciously poetic, over-refined, over-painted. But this is only in places: it is at worst only a danger signal. In the greater part of the book she moves with as complete ease in her medium as she did in the first perfected freshness of *The Time of Man*.

J. D. ROBINS.



CHIEF BIG BUSINESS

JOHNSON OF THE MOHAWKS, by Arthur Pound, (Macmillan's in Canada; pp. xvii+556; illustrated; \$6.00).

THE mismanagement of Indian policy by the American settlers began at an early date. From the outset the record is one long tale of savage friendliness early turned to hatred by white rapacity and callousness; of hunting grounds ruthlessly invaded; of solemn promises broken almost before they were sealed; of the Red Man thrust out of the way as an obstacle to progress, and neither allowed to follow his ancient mode of life nor given time to adjust himself to the new order which the white man's advent made inevitable. In all the chronicle there are few bright spots which might redeem the monotony of its squalor.

Yet Indian good-will was of vital importance to the early colonies, and especially the good-will of the Iroquois. That this powerful Confederacy remained loyal to England and interposed a crucial strategic barrier against New France is a salient and decisive fact in Colonial history. Such loyalty, however, was due less to Colonial merits than to an ill-judged stroke of policy by Champlain; and more than once the Iroquois grievances against the colonists threatened to sway them from their traditional allegiance and to leave the northern frontier defenceless against the French.

That such a catastrophe was avoided at a critical stage in the struggle for North America was due in no small measure to Sir William Johnson. As Commissioner for Indian Affairs he recognized the vital importance of holding the Iroquois to the British allegiance, whether by trinkets, rum, or diplomatic sincerity. Thanks largely to his efforts, they were kept from breaking away during the years of disaster that followed Braddock's defeat, and their aid was enlisted against the disconcerting vigour of Montcalm, until British blundering at last gave way to the triumphant march of conquest that sealed the doom of France in North America.

The story of Johnson's measure of success, and of the obstacles against which he struggled, is told at length in the volume under review. Perhaps too much at length, for the style is occasionally garrulous and even rambling, and in the earlier chapters the lack of documents lead to many assumptions that at times seem a bit too arbitrary. But where documents are available, they are used to build up an admirable account of Johnson's policy and the background against which his work was done. There is a vivacious picture of Colonial politics, and the account of Johnson's dealings with the Confederacy is excellent and precise. One sees him engaged in a vain effort

to hold the balance between the doomed Indian and the recklessness of land-hungry whites; one sees the inevitable desperation of the Indian growing under repeated and unchecked aggression, until events work slowly up to the formidable outbreak under Pontiac. It is to Johnson's credit that he protested against such aggression and sought to teach wisdom to a heedless and rapacious assembly. He did not prevent the outbreak; but he did hold the tribes until the French menace had been disposed of, and it was largely through him that the Indian conflict was confined to the west, instead of spreading to a savage and atrocious war at the very gates of the older settlements. His career and his contributions are admirably described by Mr. Pound, and the volume is a just tribute to an important and neglected figure in early American history.

EDGAR MCINNIS.

SONGS OF THE WAR

SONGS AND SLANG OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER: 1914-1918, An Anthology and a Glossary, Edited by John Brophy and Eric Partridge (Scholartis Press; pp. vii, 222; 7/6).

A little over a year ago the American Great War songs, some of them, were collected and published under the illuminating title *Songs My Mother Never Taught Me*. This year some of the songs sung by the British soldiers have been published under the soberer title *Songs and Slang of the British Soldier: 1914-1918*. The difference in titles illustrates splendidly the difference in attitude towards the jobs in hand, not any difference in the character of the songs. The English collection is not at all deficient in humour, and indeed only a keen sense of humour or imperative scientific demand would justify the printing of much that is included in the volume, but it lacks the light-hearted gaiety of tone that predominates in the editing of the American book.

The editors of *Songs and Slang of the British Soldier* went through the War, hated it, remained decent or recovered decency, and yet have published these songs. I quote from the Introduction their justification:—

If war certainly coarsens and perhaps debases the mind, if it is both sadistic and futile, the question may well be put: Why make a collection of songs which in part reflect the nature of war?.....But the War created a cosmos of its own, almost as crowded, and more confused, more vehement, than the normal organization of European life. And it is not possible to separate the experiences of war into the wholly good and the wholly bad.....The recession of time now permits us to see that the qualities of experience which soldiers enjoyed, in both the Aristotelian and the everyday sense of the word, were precisely what is not essential to war. An incomplete list will serve as a rough guide. This is what the soldier found good in the War: the simplification of his life, open air, the hard use of his body, the sense of a tangible, immediate and valuable task, the sense of being a member of a vast society organized to an ethical end, comradeship, uncertainty of the morrow, the possibility of adventure and an enhanced awareness of the mystery and precariousness of life. What belongs properly to war— injustice, cruelty, maiming, the blasphemous undervaluation of life—was abhorred by the ordinary soldier. On him the bloody burden of war fell, but he will not deny his own happy memories of so much that was, sentimentally and casually, interwoven with the beastliness.

This introduction, by the way, contains the most penetrating analysis I have ever known of the connotations of the three foulest words in English, and it is couched in terms which are unmistakable, but which are almost miraculously free from any evocation of disgusting imagery. It is a triumph in the use of English to make clear what must normally be hidden behind a dense smoke screen of scientific terminology. One thinks of Hugo's famous digression on the Waterloo officer's expletive.

In addition to this excellent introduction, the book is equipped with a very useful, though not exhaustive glossary of army terms, in many cases with their origins. Additional matter of interest is the collection of cant sayings prevalent among the men, and the familiar rhymes to the bugle calls from the Regular Army, omitting one very satisfactory call which began: *Officers, come and be damned*

Officers, come and be damned, but including a version of *Officers' wives have pudding and pies*. In the Glossary, as in the notes to the songs, the editors reflect the point of view of the man in the ranks, and as they say in the Preface:—

Some of the comments are far from 'official' in tone and in matter, but.....there will be no confusion between what is recorded as fact and what is opinion.

Some readers may be disappointed that the collection contains fewer than sixty songs all told, but the editors deliberately restricted themselves to songs that were pretty generally sung, and of course there were songs that could not possibly be printed. Some of these are mentioned by title, *Mother Hunt*, *The One-eyed Reilly*, *Caphusalem*. No one who knows these classics will wonder at their exclusion, even from this very masculine collection. Any returned man will miss some pet ditty, such as *Keep Your Head Down*, *Allemand*, but he will find most of the songs he sang or heard about. If he does not remember the tune, however, *Songs and Slang* will not help him. Unfortunately, no music is given.

J. D. ROBINS.

SOME RECENT FICTION

THE SHUTTER OF SNOW, by Emily Holmes Coleman (The Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 245, \$2.50).

HAXBY'S CIRCUS, by Katharine Susannah Prichard (Cape—Nelson; pp. 350; \$2.00).

THE MAN CHILD, by Grace Blackburn (Fan-Tan) (The Graphic Publishers; pp. 274; \$2.00).

THE SHUTTER OF SNOW is based on the author's own experience as a mental case in a hospital. Without any attempt at objective description, she tries to render and to communicate the feelings of an inmate, in a style as jerky and inconsequent as those feelings themselves, and succeeds to an astonishing extent. After the first few pages of seeming incoherence, an erratic thread of personality emerges from the uncanny intermixture of reason and unreason; the reader is gripped by the fascination of a mind so strangely irrational and yet so like his own. He lives through the patient's anxieties and despair, her longing for freedom, her joy at gradual progress with the

horror of occasional setbacks, to the tremendous relief of her final liberation. I know of very few books where the identification of reader and character is so complete; the whole story is like a nightmare, a haunting reality of the life of the mind. Whether this book has the value claimed for it as a genuine psychological document, I do not know, but of its merit as literature there can be no doubt.

All those who have enjoyed *Coonardoo* will welcome *Haxby's Circus*, and it is a worthy successor. The adventures of Dan Haxby and his troupe, more or less a family affair, on the road in Australia, make a good tale and an interesting background for the tragedy of his daughter Gina, who, maimed in the ring as a girl, lives a life of misery and devotion with and away from the circus, ever the centre of her interests. She is a strong character too, and alone can stand up to her father. Fortunately a legacy puts her and the circus on their feet again, until she puts her deformity to use and turns herself into a clown. The circus life is well described, but, as in *Coonardoo*, there is an excessive emphasis on the pathetic, and what does break the balance of Miss Prichard's world is that her women are gifted with superhuman endurance and power of self-sacrifice, while her men have an abnormal tendency to monstrous selfishness and brutality. No male of any importance is given a good character, except he be an aboriginal or a dwarf. In fact Miss Prichard seems to write as if men were 'the opposing faction', as Virginia Woolf put it in a similar connection. And that is a pity.

To read *The Man Child* is like being drowned in syrup. It is without exception the most crudely sentimental book I have ever read. From the moment that Emma Hart 'discovered herself to be with child' and muttered 'Oh God. Oh God', and 'The age-long primordial female need for concealment was upon her', until 'At home in Canada, as in all peaceful rural places it was the hour of the second cock; when out there in "No Man's Land", where the cock no longer trumpeted in the morn....' her son was killed, she never has one moment free from slush. Love, Patriotism, Pacifism, all are reduced to their lowest common denominator: ignorant sentimentality. One longs for someone to stop feeling for a moment and to start thinking. But no one does.

G. M. A. GRUBE.

STYLE IN SCULPTURE

XXTH CENTURY SCULPTORS, by Stanley Casson (Oxford Press; pp. xii, 130, and 33 plates; \$2.75).

FLORENTINE SCULPTORS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, by the Rt. Hon. W. Ormsby Gore, M.P. (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 154; \$2.25).

MR. CASSON, who is well-known as a Classical Archaeologist has lately produced two books on modern sculpture, the first being *Some Modern Sculptors*, published in 1928. The present book 'is, in a sense, a sequel to my other.... The growing interest in sculpture which seemed to be indicated by the demand for the first book has encouraged me to deal



Oxford Books

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The author here undertakes the central portion of the task begun in *THE MEDIEVAL STAGE* (1903, 2 vols., \$10.75) and continued in *THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE* (1923, 4 vols., \$21.00). The first volume presents a detailed synthesis and scrutiny of the established evidence and principal conjectures bearing on Shakespeare's life, etc.; and the second is composed of appendixes dealing with Records, Contemporary Allusions; Performance of Plays; The Name Shakespeare; Shakespearean Fabrications; and Metrical Tables. This is the fullest and most authoritative account of Shakespeare yet written by a modern scholar.

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with some of the more recent developments and with other living sculptors whom, for lack of space, I could not discuss in my previous essays.'

Accordingly, this volume discusses Carl Milles, Paul Manship, Georg Kolbe, Alexander Archipenko, Ossip Zadkine, Oswald Herzog and the German artists of the 'Inorganic' School, and Frank Dobson; all with very fine illustrations of choice works. The treatment is well calculated to appeal to the non-specialist intelligent person interested in art, and shows a close familiarity with the aims and methods of all the sculptors dealt with. Perhaps the most attractive parts of Mr. Casson's book are his general introductory chapter, 'Points of View', 'Public Sculpture', and 'Prospects'. Mr. Casson is especially good when he compares Greek with modern sculpture. He points out that the Greek sculptors were 'academic', in that they spent themselves on trying to secure an individual version of a well-known theme or type. The framework was prescribed; traditions formed in the dark ages lasted on and ordained the lines within which sculptural types might vary right through the great days of Greek sculpture. 'The Greek artist strove always to rival his fellow in *his own* personal interpretation of the accepted types. Therefore, of necessity, what emerged was *style*, strong and personal'.

Mr. Casson has an enlightening discussion of the 'easel-picture' kind of sculpture as opposed to sculpture wrought to suit a definite environment. Separate works of sculpture, like separate pictures, are 'white elephants' and the public is coming to see this. 'Hence younger artists, in search of a livelihood, are turning to fresco, to mosaics, and to other forms of applied art'. 'After all Giotto, or Botticelli would not have thought it strange to earn money by painting walls'. Nor (he might have added) were the Greek vase-painters unwilling to spend their skill on the decoration of fragile earthenware vessels for everyday use.

There are many similar provoking topics raised and discussed; e.g. that the excuse of 'technical difficulties' due to the material is a sign of weakness in the sculptor: a better man could control his material, as the Greeks their marble or the Egyptians their diorite or obsidian (pp. 14-19). Anyone interested cannot fail to enjoy the book, which also is one to possess.

Mr. Ormsby Gore's purpose is 'to provide a brief survey of the career and works of the principal Florentine sculptors who flourished between the years 1400 and 1500 A.D.' His 'aim is not so much to make fur-

ther contributions to art scholarship, as to bring under general review well-known and accepted works'. In this, therefore, it differs wholly from Mr. Casson's book. Mr. Ormsby Gore knows Florence well, and wishes to pass on some of his enthusiasm for Florentine sculpture. He has produced a book which can very usefully be placed in the hands of a person about to visit Florence for the first time who wants a view of the XVth century sculptors in relation to their historical environment and to one another. At the end is a useful list of the sculptors discussed, with the present situation of their principal works. The book is illustrated by thirty-two plates.

On p. 40 Mr. Ormsby Gore alludes to one of the weaknesses of modern sculpture, a subject which Mr. Casson's book treats more extensively, i.e. the custom of the sculptor making a full-sized model in clay having a plaster cast made therefrom, and then the final marble work done by assistants from the plaster cast with the aid of 'pointing'. Space forbids discussing this topic at length, it is obvious that it entirely cuts off the sculptor from the 'feel' of the material, and prevents any understanding of the difficulties, or that joy in execution which Greek and Florentine Renaissance sculpture show. Sculpture is of necessity a laborious art, and in it no less than in any other form of art, short cuts and labour-saving devices which do away with the very essence and soul of the work will make it a dismal failure. I have watched workmen with electric drills bespattering new buildings with classical scrolls and 'harvest festivals in stone' at a great rate; that is the way much of present day sculpture is done. A great Greek sculptor is credited with the saying: 'The work is hardest when you get down to the finger-nail', i.e. the last stage, when the figure had assumed its shape, and only required the final touches of surface modelling, where the sculptor often revealed his art at its most subtle and delicate. In many directions today, but in none more glaringly than in art, the world is being filled with commonplace stuff for lack of the 'ultima manus'.

J. H. ILIFFE.

TREACHERY OF A CLERIC

JOSEPH FOUCHE, by Stefan Zweig (The Viking Press; pp. xviii + 327, illustrated; \$3.50).

WHEN the Abbé Sieyès pronounced, as his chief accomplishment during the Terror, 'I survived,' he was boasting of something which, in a politician of the period, was no mean achievement. It was perhaps especially noteworthy in a cleric, for the Terror had been far from tender toward the priests. And those who did survive were naturally disposed to dig themselves into a secure position when the chance arose under a new regime.

Two other clerics shared in the accomplishment of Sieyès. Like him, Talleyrand and Fouché survived the Terror by various devious and hazardous expedients. Like him, they sought to build a new and more stable career under the tolerant shadow of the Directory. And with him they confronted Bonaparte in the days before Brumaire, each of them an essential and important element in the plot that led to the successful coup of 1799.

They aided in that success; but Bonaparte soon



found that they were not altogether complacent tools. Sieyès he despised and dismissed to the obscurity of the Senate. Talleyrand he distrusted and was forced to use at his right hand. Fouché he detested and tried to dispense with, only to be forced to recall him at critical moments. Both these latter, enemies until united by a common treachery, proved essential cogs in Napoleon's machine of State—and both betrayed him in the end.

It is this quality in Fouché—this talent for treachery, so brilliantly exhibited under successive masters—that seems to Stefan Zweig to make him an attractive subject for a biography. He is by no means an easy subject; his talent lay in working behind the scenes, and in giving a decisive impetus to events while seeming to maintain an aloof neutrality. But such obscurity leaves all the more room for interesting speculation—such speculation as the author indulges in with a somewhat dogmatic freedom.

The result is an interesting essay, though its nature is popular rather than scholarly and its conclusions should be approached with considerable caution. Herr Zweig has made only a cursory study of the general background of the Revolution and the Empire, and his judgments on events occasionally verge on the fantastic. For instance, he has on page 191 a passage dealing with the Spanish revolt, almost every statement in which is directly contrary to fact. But in portraying his central character he is distinctly more successful. One feels that he exaggerates Fouché's subtlety, and that the outlines are too definite to be altogether true; but the picture of a restless intriguer who found

mere loyalty too simple to be interesting is a reasonable approximation to the truth. The volume throws little new light on this obscure character, and certainly cannot be taken as anything like a final judgment; but it does provide a highly readable sketch of a most interesting personality.

EDGAR MCINNIS.

BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GENTLEMAN AND OTHER ESSAYS, by S. C. Roberts (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 131; \$1.75).

SEEING in Dr. Johnson the 'supreme embodiment' of the 18th century spirit, Mr. Roberts makes of him the central figure in this collection of essays. An essay on the first Lord Lyttelton, the Gentleman of the title-page, and one on Macaulay are included as having some bearing upon the interpretation of that spirit. The essays are slight, but entertaining, of most interest to those who find in the 'biographical part of literature' its greatest appeal. There is no attempt at criticism, the essays are rather sympathetic studies written in easy, familiar style by one who accepts Johnson as the great man he was to Boswell. Lacking the freshness imparted by a less-handled theme, they have little that is new to offer. Boswell practically exhausted the subject of the man, Johnson. Later admirers can do little more than emphasize certain aspects of his character and certain phases of his life by a re-grouping of material already familiar. This is what Mr. Roberts has done. The section 'Johnsoniana' includes four essays, 'Johnson in Grub Street,' 'Johnson's Books,' 'Lichfield Lamps,' and 'Two Imitations.' In

MY EARLY YEARS: A Roving Commission

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Mr. Churchill describes his life from his earliest recollections to his entry into politics; from a private school to Harrow, to Sandhurst and then as a subaltern. He saw the Cuban rebellion, the Malakand and Tirah fighting, the Sudan and Boer Wars. Great figures pass by—Kitchener, Buller, Roberts, Botha. His years at home are no less fascinating for his first political achievement fired him to greater ambitions. Morley, Wolseley, Chamberlain, Riseberg, Salisbury are names that appear in his rising of fame. "Among the great autobiographies of our day". \$4.50

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the first of these Mr. Roberts shows that the years spent by Johnson in literary hackwork were by no means as devoid of material comforts as is generally supposed. Johnson entered voluntarily upon the drudgery of Grub Street, and was well paid for his writings. Miserable he assuredly was, but rather because of constitutional melancholy engendered by ill-health, than from poverty. 'Johnson's Books' comments upon the contents of the Lexicographer's library, and its purchasers. 'Lichfield Lamps' traces his connections with his native city. In the 'Imitations,' Mrs. Thrale vents her dislike of Boswell, and that gentleman reviews a modern travel-book of Corsica.

In George, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Roberts finds most highly developed that sense of conventional morality so characteristic a feature of 18th century life. Fielding, in dedicating *Tom Jones* to Lyttelton, thereby considered himself to be guaranteeing to the public the decency and innocence of his tale. One leaves with relief this dully respectable peer who, in the words of Walpole, 'had set out on a poetical love plan with nothing of the lover but absence of mind, and nothing of a poet but absence of meaning.' The essay on Macaulay is the most interesting of the collection. It is, less than the others, a mere compilation of facts and anecdote, the product of painstaking, albeit rather trifling scholarship. It leads the author into a discussion of that loose term, 'Victorianism,' and of Macaulay as the pre-eminent Victorian, with decency, Laissez-faire, and 'a rosy faith in Early Victorian England' as the foundations of his creed. This concluding essay constitutes the meatiest item in a readable, if somewhat slight collection. The attempt to capture the essence of early-Victorianism is pursued so much more vigorously than the effort to interpret the 18th century spirit. As a late-Victorian himself, the author has an interest not merely bookish in his theme.

M. A. CAMPBELL.

SOME NOVELS

THE WAITING ROOM, by G. Grange (J. M. Dent and Sons; pp. 176; \$1.50).

THE BRIGHT THREAD, by Cornelia Geer LeBoutillier (Doubleday, Doran; pp. 303; \$2.00).

THIS THING CALLED LOVE, by Louis Arthur Cunningham (Louis Carrier; pp. 311; \$2.50).

THERE WAS A SHIP, by Richard LeGallienne (Doubleday, Doran and Gundy; pp. 325; \$2.50).

THE GOLDEN WIND, by Takashi Ohta and Margaret Sperry (Charles Boni; pp. 269).

THE *Waiting Room*, is another and rather unusual war book, but the best that can be said for it is that its publishers have turned out a very attractive piece of work that might better have been spared for something more worth while. It is rather a pity, because the idea round which the book is written is unusual and might have been made into something really great. It is a tale in which the spirits of the fallen combatants, English, French, and German, meet and mingle again and even fall in love, all very philosophically. A medieval bishop, and some recently deceased French civilians add to the interest by their appearance and participation in the ghostly encounters.

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The Bright Thread is a nice book that can be safely recommended by the modern child to his or her fond parents. It contains no great problems, no psychology, and no passion. It portrays quietly and very smoothly the life of an attractive American boy of the war period, giving glimpses of his early childhood, his school and college years, an interlude of war, and his return to study theology and to marry the companion of his boyhood days. No doubt it is in the main, an accurate picture of the normal lives of many men and women of that period, but Michael and Diana are almost too good to be true, and one suspects the author must be a near and dear feminine relative who obviously is not a disciple of Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence, or even Bernard Shaw.

This Thing Called Love is well worth the effort of persevering through the first few chapters which are somewhat dull, for it does develop into a really good tale, and one which is in keeping with the modern novel. The characters are vivid, the difficulties they face and the situations they meet are common enough occurrences in any locality, and the ending is anything but happy in the good old fairy-tale sense. In other words there is about the book that sense of stark realism in life that the war seems to have printed indelibly on the men and women of our generation. Incidentally, Mr. Cunningham is a Canadian and the tale is laid in the Maritime Provinces, in a city that bears a close resemblance to St. John, New Brunswick.

The Golden Wind is the first of the 'Paper Books'—which are designed to place a selection of good literature within the reach of any reader—and the publishers are to be congratulated upon the excellence of their choice, and the attractiveness of the product of their craft. The book itself is a delightful whimsical tale of the adventures of a young Japanese in modern China which would of itself make the book intensely interesting. But in addition there is throughout a philosophical quality, a quest for 'a something of the spirit' that will give content to life, even the life of an exile that is reminiscent of *Candide*, without *Candide's* cynicism and bitterness.

There was a Ship is a good old fashioned romance without a paragraph in it that demands intellectual effort on the part of the reader—the ideal book to take on a summer holiday—or to lose oneself in on a stormy evening. Everything is included, beautiful maidens, gallant highwaymen, sea fights, pirates, even Arab chieftains and their lovely daughters. As an antidote for political speeches and industrial depression, it is hard to beat.

NORMAN MACKENZIE.



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SHORT NOTICES

FAMOUS SHIPWRECKS, by Frank H. Shaw (Elkin Mathews and Marrot—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 378; 12/6).

These reconstructions of famous shipwrecks between 1825 and 1929 make an enthralling story of bravery, daring, and disaster: we see *H.M.S. Victoria* hurled to her death while manoeuvring in the Mediterranean on a peaceful evening, owing to the inexplicable mental aberration of the admiral commanding the fleet; the *Duncan Dunbar* sunk by her captain's rashness; the proud *Titanic* going to her doom with a shameful scarcity of lifeboats; the heroic drill on the sinking *Birkenhead*; fire and mob panic on the *Amazon*; fire too on the East Indiaman *Kent*, but with a strong man in command; the terrible, almost instantaneous disappearance of *H.M.S. Eurydice*; the prolonged agonies of the handful of survivors from the *Cospatrick*. These and others make us realize fully that, as the author says, the conquest of the sea is by no means complete, and also, more vividly than a score of ocean voyages, how final and absolute is the responsibility of a captain on his ship at sea, and that, with a few terrible exceptions, he rarely fails at a crisis.

The last few chapters are devoted to rescues effected by lifeboats, which are especially interesting. Few people can be aware that one hundred and eighty-one lives at least were thus saved along the British coast between October and January last. As Captain Shaw puts it in his introduction: 'It is a comparatively simple matter to fight when you know that unless you fight you die.' To go in cold blood to fight for the lives of others is a different kind of courage. And I know of no more stirring tale than that of the repeated rescue work of the Whitby lifeboatmen on February 8th 1861, which cost most of them their lives.

Captain Shaw writes with a dash and a flourish; his racy style is well suited to his story. He would be even more successful if he were not so afflicted with what can only be called romantic nationalism. So romantic that it leads him at times to indulge in a string of quite superfluous exclamations (the tale of *Birkenhead* *drift*, for instance, can but lose by such embellishments) and so nation-

alistic that he speaks of bravery and self-possession in the face of death as almost, if not entirely, a British monopoly. Though it must be said in his favour that he tries hard to be fair when narrating the sinking of the *Lusitania* without, however, being quite successful, or so it seemed to me.

But such faults, though irritating, are eminently in character, and these stories of the sea written by an old sailor in a sailor-like way make very good reading: it is splendid adventure, good history, and leads to sobering reflections.

G. M. A. G.

SWEET MAN, by Gilmore Millen (Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon; pp. 299; \$2.50).

Just as the lumberjack has his mythical strong man in Paul Bunyan, so have the negroes of the South their mighty John Henry, celebrated, however, not in stories, but in two song-cycles, the one partially collected, the second quite unprintable. Some of the songs in the first of these groups tell of the heroic stand made by John Henry the hammer man against the advance of the mechanistic age in the matter of the steam drill. A hint of the second characteristic of John Henry might be found by the unseemly minded in a phrase from one of the hammer songs.

John Henry tol' his cap'n
Dat a man was a natchul man

John Henry was a devil with the women, as many an unpublished song tells, a man who would have shamed Casanova, and who would scarcely have taken second place to Lemminkäinen himself.

Now the John Henry of *Sweet Man* is not the heroic hammer man, but a worthy successor to the John Henry of the brothel songs. The author has not created a negro character, in the sense in which, for instance, Du Bose Heyward has created characters, but he has made a profound study of a type, and in the course of that study has painted a remarkable vivid portrait. It is not for another white to say whether Mr. Millen has penetrated the negro mind or not, or whether he knows the secret attitude of the negro to the white, but there can be no question that he has achieved the only artistic necessity in this connection,

the illusion at least of unerring insight into negro psychology, if there is such a thing. The reader comes to believe that he is being made to understand the negro attitude, as exemplified in John Henry, towards life and women and whites.

The underlying motif is the problem of white and black in America, from the standpoint of the black, and it is sufficiently serious to draw the commendation of a negro leader like James Weldon Johnson. But the book is no tract. It is an appallingly robust picaresque novel, concerned with the adventures, mainly erotic, of an illegitimate young quadron who finds that women run after him, and who makes the most of the discovery. Gross white injustice wrecks his one venture into settled employment and incidentally his precarious career as a husband. He leaves the one virtuous woman in the book, his wife, not without some regret, and sets out on a life of gay urban vagabondage, in the course of which, for instance, he lives a whole year on what are called, in the delicate archaic euphemism of the police court, the avails of prostitution.

On the whole, I prefer old John Henry the steel hammer man.

J. D. R.

SHAKESPEARE STUDIES, by Edgar I. Fripp (Oxford University Press; pp. 171; \$2.25).

This slight volume is the work of a scholar who is one of the life trustees of Shakespeare's birthplace. Already the author of several works on Shakespeare and thoroughly acquainted with his subject, Mr. Fripp shows

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in this book a tremendous, even a somewhat staggering bent for detail of the minutest variety. It is not an unfavourable criticism, therefore, to say that these studies have little interest for the general reader. He who delves into these pages should already know more than the average amount about Shakespeare, and should be desirous of knowing even still more about Shakespeare's father, the father's friends, the village school-master, the village curé, minister, or pastor, the village tavern keeper, the village doctor. The studies—nearly all of which are based carefully on contemporary documents, such as wills, deeds, corporation records, and correspondence—are by no means all closely connected with Shakespeare himself. But they all shed illuminating light on the environment Shakespeare lived in as a youth, and on the kind of people with whom Shakespeare must have been acquainted. In a way, the book is most fascinating as a study of background; in it the lives of the sixteenth-century inhabitants of this ever-charming village of Stratford take on a vigorous reality and colour as Mr. Fripp describes the details of the lives—their quarrels, their debts, their politics, their religious bickerings, their parting bequests.

Not a great deal concerning the life of Shakespeare or of his work is added. John Shakespeare, the father, becomes a much more important figure than most of the Shakespeare biographers have seen fit to make him. This, perhaps, is the most important single contribution which the book makes, for the poet's progenitor has been the subject of a great amount of idle and unsatisfactory speculation. Here he seems to be emerging from the mist of the sixteenth century.

Mr. Fripp's chapter on Shakespeare's knowledge of Ovid in the original is not entirely convincing, but his chapter on the character of the famous Jaques in *As You Like It* is amusing, elucidating, and brilliant. M. Jaques, as interpreted by Mr. Fripp, is not the usual M. Jaques; none the less, he is well worth knowing.

S. R.

A NOTE IN MUSIC, by Rosamond Lehmann (Mussion Book Co.; pp. 319; \$2.00).

The second novel by the author of *Dusty Answer* differs from her first

in the absence of that youthful intensity which made the characters in the former story so vivid. Here she has turned to a study of middle age in an English provincial town, and the result is a quieter work in which the colours are more subdued. But there is the same delicate craftsmanship, the same clarity in character drawing; and if the events are less exciting, the study of the effect of two youthful visitors on two middle-aged couples is still, in its sympathetic handling and its talent for observation, an admirable and satisfying piece of work.

E. M.

FELLOWSHIP PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE, by a Fellowship Group, edited by Malcolm Spencer and H. S. Hewish (Allen & Unwin; pp. 288; 7/6).

Fellowship Principles and Practice is a welcome addition to the literature of good-will. The book itself is the work of a group of persons, with widely divergent contacts, but who were held together by a common desire to reach the truth through group thinking.

It is not, as so often happens in books of composite authorship, a hodge-podge. It is a unit, concise, clear, and the argument moves along in orderly fashion. A Fellowship Group is defined as 'a small group

whose members share a Christian interest and purpose and are therefore on terms of real intimacy with one another'. The early church, before the coming of sects, orders, ritual, etc. is offered as the best example of fellowship groups. Some attempt is made to find such groups in modern life but the very attempt reveals how pitifully few there are.

A distinctly social note is evident throughout. Indeed the thesis is advanced that the solution of our industrial, social, international, and religious problems is to be found in and through fellowship group thought and action.

One cannot but wish that the group had considered the whole question from a broader basis than the Chris-

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tian one. The term Christian is too confusing. Besides, other religions, and those who espouse no religion at all, have contributions to make to such a discussion. However for one who can read between the lines the book is eminently worth while.

G. R. B.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA, Currier and Ives Prints No. 1 (The Studio; Eight Colour Reproductions; pp. 6 and 8 plates in colours; 5/-).

This is the first of a series of volumes, which are to reproduce prints of the most popular American lithographing firm of the nineteenth century, that of Currier and Ives, who, in the interval between 1835 and 1907, printed and published over four thousand lithographs. The reproductions are royal quarto in size.

This first set is meant to give a clue to the general character of the series. As the title might suggest, the emphasis is quite properly placed on subject matter, story interest. The subjects were meant to be popular, scenes from the wild life of the plains, pictures of the most popular vessels in the golden age of the Yankee clipper, steamboat life on the Mississippi, rural New England scenes, as well as New York buildings and street scenes. There is some good drawing, especially of horses, and no subtlety.

Their chief interest may be for the collector, but the layman who has an interest in the America of the last century will find these prints a very interesting and useful aid in visualizing some of the outward aspects of that America.

J. D. R.

THE ARTS PORTFOLIO SERIES, EUGENE SPEICHER—HENRI MATISSE—CHARLES DESPIAU—(The Arts Publishing Corporation, New York; each is accompanied by a Note by Mildred Palmer; \$1.50 each).

The note in all cases is reduced to a biographical sketch to which is added a word of interpretation. The whole holds within three hundred words at most. It is followed by a clear and fairly complete bibliography. The main value of these portfolios lies in the superb quality of the reproductions, twelve in each book, every one worthy of a frame. Speicher is an American painter who is wholly American in his sympathies and his work is characterized by in-

dividuality, freshness and directnessHis work is chiefly portraits; but he also paints flower studies of finely organized colour harmonies and landscapes.'

About Matisse, Mildred Palmer writes that 'his draftsmanship, astutely simplified, is quick and sure, in clear colour;' and she adds 'the mobile line seems not to limit but to extend form.'

The French sculptor, Charles Despiau, who is today a leading figure in the plastic art of Europe, is given a sane and well-grounded critical estimate by Miss Palmer who sees in his work 'the monumentality of the Egyptians, the serenity of the early Greeks'.

The plates in this portfolio are exceptionally well selected and are of the same excellent quality as the others.

J. B. S.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN BOOKS

MODERN CANADIAN POETRY, edited by Nathaniel A. Benson (Graphic Publishers Limited; pp. 227; \$2.00).

A MARTYR'S FOLLY, by M. Constantine-Weyer (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 309; \$2.00).

THE YOKE OF LIFE, by Frederick Philip Grove (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 354; \$2.00).

THE EUROPEAN HERITAGE, by Watson Kirkconnell (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. v, 184; \$1.50).

THE EXQUISITE GIFT, by Ella Bell Wallis (Ariston Publishers; pp. 249; \$2.00).

THREE PLAYS FOR PATRIOTS, by N. A. Benson (Graphic Publishers Ltd.; pp. 153; \$2.00).

INDIAN PLACE NAMES IN THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO, by W. F. Moore (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 48; 60 cents).

PRIVATE TIMOTHY FERGUS CLANCY, by Will R. Bird (Graphic Publishers Ltd.; pp. 325; \$2.00).

THE NORTH AMERICAN BOOK OF ICELANDIC VERSE, by Watson Kirkconnell (Carrier & Isles; pp. 228; \$3.00).

THE TIDE OF LIFE, AND OTHER POEMS, by Watson Kirkconnell (Ariston Publishers; pp. 79;).

A BOY OF THE GREAT NORTH WEST, by Robert Watson (Graphic Publishers; pp. 259; \$2.00).

THE ORIGIN AND MEANING OF PLACE NAMES IN CANADA, by G. H. Armstrong (Macmillans in Canada; pp. vii, 312; \$3.00).

GO WEST, YOUNG MAN, GO WEST, by Magnus Pyke (Graphic Publishers Ltd.; pp. 303; \$2.00).

GENERAL

SONGS AND SLANG OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER: 1914-1918, An Anthology and a Glossary, edited by John Brophy & Eric Partridge (The Scholartis Press; pp. 222; 7/6).

A NOTE IN MUSIC, by Rosamond Lehmann (Mussion Book Co.; pp. 318; \$2.00).

THE VILLAGE BOOK, by Henry Williamson (Cape-Nelson; pp. 342; \$2.50).

CASTLE GAY, by John Buchan (Mussion Book Co.; pp. 320; \$2.00).

SOVIET YEAR-BOOK, 1930, Compiled and Edited by A. A. Stantalov and Louis Segal (Allen & Unwin; pp. 670; 7/6).

THE EDWARDIANS, by V. Sackville-West (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 314; \$2.00).

MASTERS OF ETCHING, ROBERT AUSTIN (The Studio; pp. 9 and 12 plates; 5/-).

THIRTY YEARS OF BRITISH ART, by Sir Joseph Duveen (The Studio; pp. 165; illustrated; 7/6).

MASTER DRAUGHTSMEN No. 1. MICHEL-ANGELO (The Studio; pp. 3 and 12 plates; 5/-).

A ROOM IN BERLIN, by Gunther Birkenfeld (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 128; \$1.75).

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM THE COLLECTION OF JOHN WILD, edited by R. N. Carew-Hunt (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 128; \$1.75).

THE STORY OF PUNISHMENT, by Harry Elmer Barnes (The Stratford Company; pp. iii, 292; \$3.00).

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS, by Isaiah Bowman (American Library Association; pp. 50; 35 cents).

GABOREAU THE TERRIBLE, by Paul Steward (Harrap—Ariston Publishers; pp. 255; \$2.50).

THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE, by Miguel de Cervantes (Harrap—Ariston Publishers; pp. 446; \$2.50).

MASTERS OF THE COLOUR PRINT. HOKUSAI (The Studio; pp. 6 and 8 plates; 5/-).

CAREERS FOR WOMEN, by Leonora Eyles (Elkin Mathews & Marrot; pp. 224; 5/-).

ESSAYS ON THINGS, by William Lyon Phelps (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 290; \$2.35).

HUMAN CHILDREN, by Paul Eipper (Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon; illustrated; pp. 70; \$2.00).

ANIMAL CHILDREN, by Paul Eipper (Viking Press—Irwin & Gordon illustrated; pp. 70; \$2.00).

THE CROSS BEARERS, by A. M. Frey (Viking Press — Irwin & Gordon; pp. 306; \$2.50).

CAKES AND ALE: OR THE SKELETON IN THE CUBOARD, by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 308; \$2.00).

MIRTHFUL HAVEN, by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 319; \$2.00).

MODERN PUBLICITY — COMMERCIAL ART ANNUAL, 1930 (The Studio; pp. 172; 7/6).

THE COLLAPSE OF THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE, by Edmund von Glaise-Horstenau (J. M. Dent & Sons; pp. xii, 347; \$7.50).

THE POWER OF COMMAND, by Frank H. Shaw (Elkin Mathews & Marrot; pp. 314; 7/6).

Little Theatre fashion, would produce results incalculably more splendid. There is not a doubt of Canada's dramatic enthusiasm. It is writ large across every community. Canada is acutely stage conscious. The National Theatre already exists in Canada as a state of mind. But Canadians do not know quite how to give expression thereto. They need to develop a concrete National Theatre. There is no reason why this cannot be done.

In this scheme of mine I would combine Little Theatre enterprise and professional example. Each needs the other and in the National Theatre they should be brought into complementary exercise of their respective functions. I would have Government encouragement of Little Theatres wherever communities exhibit the proper enterprise and cohesion; and to that I would add a touring company — yes, two companies, one French-speaking, of State-employed professional actors who would travel from Little Theatre to Little Theatre exemplifying sound technique and playing some of the more ambitious plays that for one reason or another tend to fall outside amateur scope.

I maintain that while, Léon Daudet notwithstanding, the *Comédie Française* is an ideal institution for France, it would for geographical reasons be ludicrous for Canada. But there must be a dozen ways of creating a National Theatre such as I contemplate. That which occurs to me is as follows: let the Dominion Government invite the provinces to contribute, on a population basis of shares, approved provincial or municipal bonds to bring in an annual income of \$250,000. To this the Dominion would add bonds to yield a like sum. This would be made into a trust fund. Appoint trustees to administer this and to set the broad policies of the National Theatre. Let the provinces appoint an advisory National Theatre Council representative of every conceivable interest in the nation. A Director of the National Theatre, appointed by the trustees, would be the executive to carry out the policies. In general terms these policies would aim at encouraging the establishment of Little Theatres, and possibly affording some initial financial aid, but always bearing in mind that the Little Theatres must be self-supporting and that it is human nature to value most what is earned and paid for directly. Secondly the inauguration and support of the National Players would be a part of the policy.



A PLAN FOR A NATIONAL THEATRE

(The writer of the following article, who is Associate Editor of the *Telegraph-Journal of Saint John, N.B.* has graciously allowed it to be cut to a length that will fit our pages. The process has been Procrustean but we trust not painful, and the gist of the matter is here. R. K. H.)

THE English-speaking dramatic world is caught in the current of a great community dramatic revival. Canada for a special reason is strongly affected by it. Amongst other symptoms is the repeated call from all parts of the Dominion for a National Theatre. It is an insistent call, but so far has not been received with any degree of warmth. I believe this is because a National Theatre on the lines of the *Comédie Française* has been uppermost in people's minds, and there is more than a vague misgiving that this would not suit Canada. I agree. It would not. In my mind has been slowly germinating a scheme of another kind. I am now attempting to put it forward without frills. Let others pull it to pieces as much as they like. If one acceptable idea can be gathered from the fragments that remain, so much will have been gained.

The Little Theatre had as its basic idea that of dramatic experiment, of testing novelties, whether of authorship or of production. To this was soon added the competitive idea of dramatic societies competing against each other, something like choirs at a musical festival. In both Great Britain and the United States these movements occupy a very prominent place in community life. Hereinafter

they will be considered as one movement, as in effect they have become. For convenience they will be called the Little Theatre.

The Little Theatre is strongly rooted in Canada. The impulse came from The Old Country and the neighbour republic. The post-war impetus to community dramatics has historic parallels. Something similar has almost always followed times of storm and stress. Canada, equally affected, is, however, experiencing in addition that general aesthetic awakening which is the invariable sequence of a people's growth or restoration to nationhood, particularly when that nationhood is the step upward from pioneer adolescence rather than a merging of previously separated divisions of populations. Canada's dramatic state of mind is therefore doubly active. If this be doubted look at the amateur dramatic clubs in every city and town, read the accounts of country theatricals, note the Little Theatres.

I cannot attempt enumeration of Canada's Little Theatres. Hart House is internationally known and is worthy of mention in company such as Everyman's Theatre, Hampstead; the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, and the Theatre Guild, New York. The Vancouver Little Theatre, the Regina Little Theatre Society, the Community Players in Winnipeg, the somewhat original 'Sarnia Idea', the Ottawa Drama League and the comparatively new-born Montreal venture show how they stretch across Canada until the Maritimes are reached; and if there are no Little Theatres in that section it positively teems with amateur dramatic clubs. These amateur clubs, not in the Maritimes alone but throughout the Dominion, are gallantly wasting effort that, directed in

The peregrinations of the National Players would be governed by the intensity of community effort in developing, through Little Theatres, amateur stagecraft in all its details, in experimenting and in competing with each other. The Little Theatres would be graded by impartial judgment arranged by the Director, and according to its classification that community would have the services of the National Players for a longer or shorter period. The Little Theatres where the National Players act would be responsible for furnishing the playhouse, advertising and box office arrangements. After deducting approved expenses the Little Theatre making the arrangements would receive ten per cent. of the net takings for its own funds and the balance would be remitted to the Trust. Public-spirited citizens might be encouraged to augment the Trust by gifts or bequests. The railways might be invited to contribute by arranging free or reduced transportation for the National Players. There would probably develop allied activities such as a central library of script and scores, but I will leave the idea at that.

I have said my say. To others I leave the criticism thereof. I believe it is practicable. I invite those interested and especially the Press to pull it to pieces—so long as they substitute an idea for whatever they destroy.

H. G. F. CHRISTIE.

WHO'S THREATENING WHAT!

CERTAIN dramatic reviewers of late have been working themselves into an aesthetic lather over what they term the threat to the theatre in Canada. (Even St. John Ervine has taken the matter trenchantly in hand.) These reviewers present for our edification a picture of a ring of grasping talkie magnates buying up theatres from the Atlantic to the Pacific with a view to stifling what is generally referred to in upper case letters as The Theatre. Gazing at this horrific spectacle the dramatic reviewers in question proclaim aloud that it is al. a nefarious and nasty business; something that something should be done about. Speaking solely for ourselves, we might say that such entreaties leave us totally unable to pump up even two per cent. indignation. Furthermore, we will go so far as to say that we mildly applaud the threatened

annexing of the Canadian theatre to Hollywood.

At this point, however, we would beg that the reader reserve his jeers at such lowbrowness while we peruse the scene calmly and with unruffled brow. The trouble with these gallant Sir Galahads, who, with lances couched, hurl themselves to the rescue of the theatre, is just that they like to pose as Sir Galahad. And they insist on seeing in the theatre in its present condition a bereft damsel about to be rudely assailed by corpulent gentlemen but recently in the cloak and suit business. Perused at arm's length the situation takes on quite a different aspect.

Consider, as a sedative, the following points. The aforesaid dramatic reviewers have, full many a time and oft, squirted barrels of ink at what they were fond of dubbing the 'commercial theatre'. In those dim and distant days the 'commercial theatre' was the backdrop for journalistic displays of violent forensic. We have, in a less mature era, been guilty of such performances ourselves. Now the attack has switched to the talkies; and, we are told, it is the talkies that are destroying 'The Theatre'. What theatre? might we ask. The commercial theatre? And if so, are we asked

to beat our breasts at a consummation that was so devoutly desired but a few years ago? In truth, the situation appears to be one of odds and ends and we admit to a quite definite bewilderment.

Was it not, for instance, partly to undo the fell work done by the commercial theatre that the Little Theatre movement was started? Had we not read thousands, nay millions, of words, condemning the one and lauding the other? Then where is the threat, and to whom, or what? Dear me! Where are we indeed!

Those who lament so much the coming of the talkies are surely not asking us to believe that they constitute a threat to the Little Theatre. Or are they? If so, consider the lamentable level of intelligence which this attitude assumes in the Little Theatre-going audience. If these audiences can be seduced from high dramatic temples by Hollywood, then where is the justification for a Little Theatre? The people will be getting what they evidently want, and everyone should be satisfied. We stated earlier in this article that we rather welcomed the inroads of the talkies. For the life of us we cannot see why the apparently high-souled theatre goer, the chap who prefers, let us say, Tolstoi's Re-

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demption to Tosti's *Goodbye*, should take alarm at the prevailing situation. If the threat is only to the commercial theatre and people still, as we are told, crave fine drama, the effect should be to fill the coffers of the Little Theatre to overflowing. Is this undesirable? The person we really have some sympathy for is the unfortunate owner of a commercial theatre. No doubt some of these have, in their better moments, tried to do the right thing by the dramatic muse; but the people just wouldn't come in. They flocked to the dramatic smashes and sensational knockouts. So the wise commercial manager, with a view always to being able to pay rent and light bills, had to revert to his ordinary ten and fifteen cent fare. He is now, poor devil, in the position of competing with an organization that has found a way to put tripe over in a bigger and better way. Whatever one might think of the artistic processes of talkie magnates it cannot be denied that they are far from being devoid of sound financial acumen. If they are buying up theatres to convert them to talkies it is because they have excellent reason for believing that talkies will be better patronized than theatres; or, in other words, that the majority prefer talkies. Hence, at that rate, there does not seem to be very much that can be done about it. Personally, as long as printing presses continue to publish plays we shall not lose any sleep over the matter. Finally, we would repeat, we have yet to be convinced that the activities of talkie magnates can have any but a beneficial effect on the Little Theatre—that is, unless talkies improve out of all recognition within the near future.

JOHN HURLEY.

NOTES

Hart House Theatre opened late in October with *Doctor Knock*. The remainder of the bill includes two items rarely seen on any stage, *Peer Gynt* and *The Comedy of Errors*, besides other plays by modern authors and the traditional Canadian week.

Peer Gynt is the 100th production at Hart House Theatre.

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The Galt Collegiate Institute Staff Players Club have begun a series of dramatic broadcasts from Station CK-PC (248), and would welcome comment and criticism. Merrill Denison's famous *Brothers in Arms* was the first of their offerings.

The Port Credit Operatic & Dramatic Society announces the following plays for production during the coming season:—*The Fool*, Channing Pollock; *Daddies*, John R. Hobbie; *The Outsider*, Dorothy Brandon; *When we were twenty-one*, H. V. Esmond.

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